The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1575 MAR. 29, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MAGNESIA

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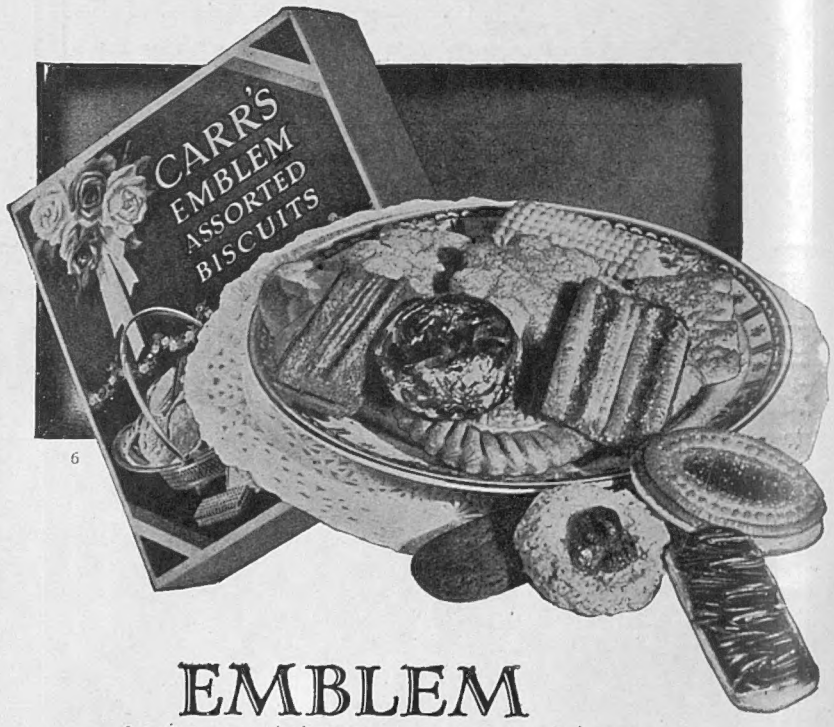

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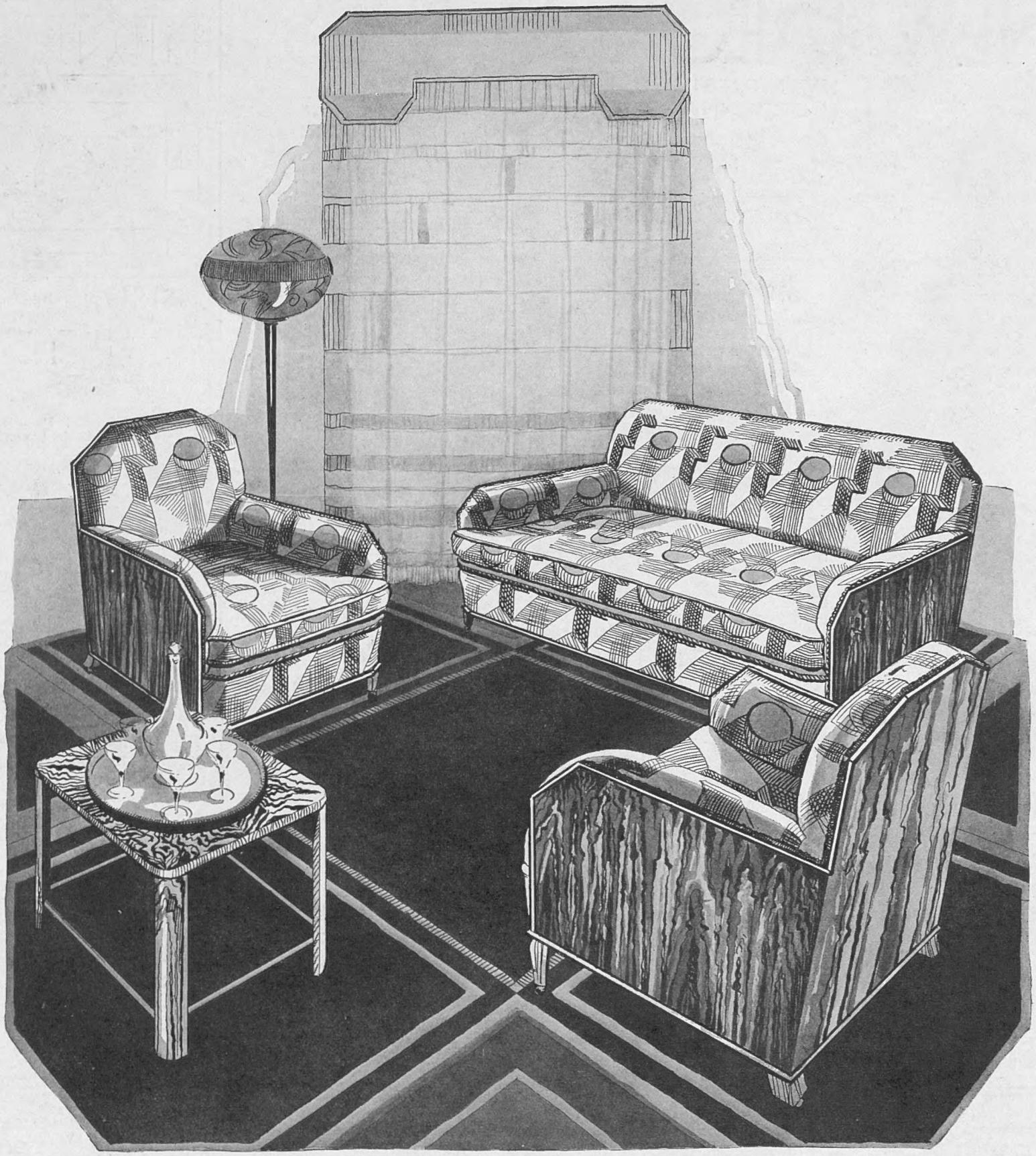

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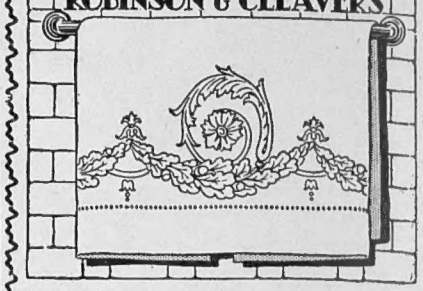

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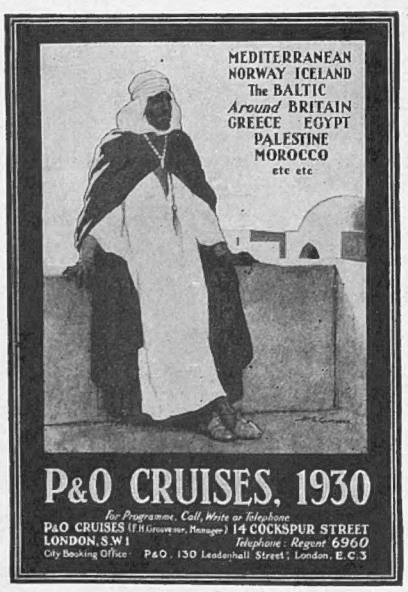

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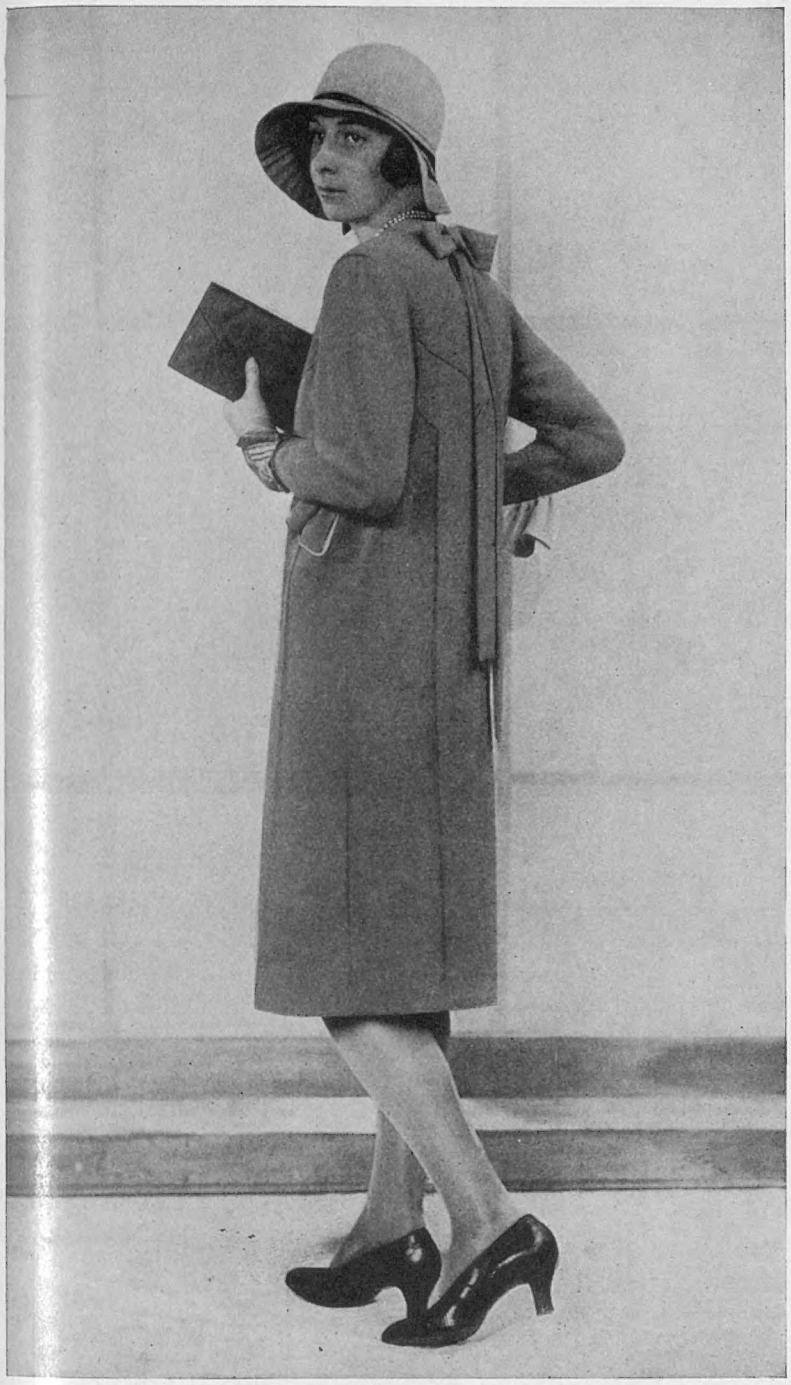
An Ensemble for Spring



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HAT of fine straw. The becoming brim is trimmed with small rouleaux of contrasting shades.

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Three-piece SUIT and HAT of knitted wool tweed effect. Colours: mixture blue and green.

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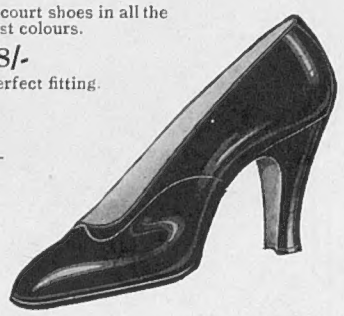

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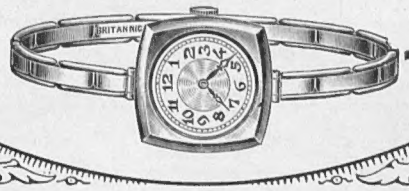

Fashion Decrees— Tailor-mades

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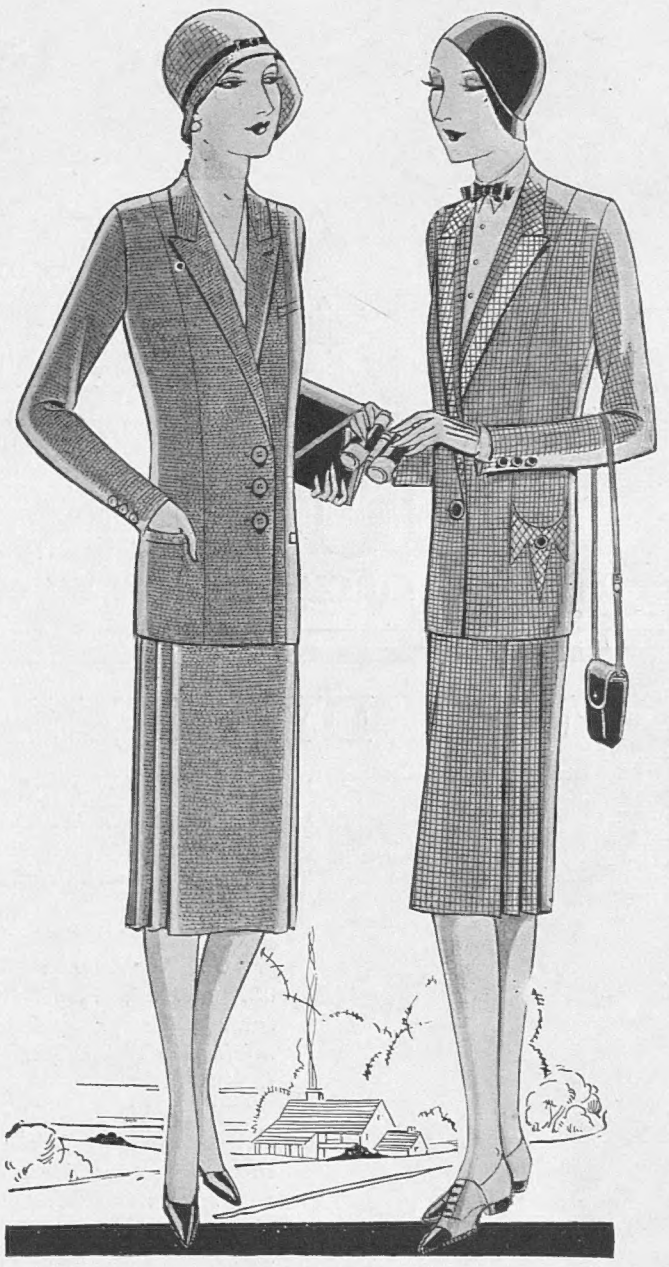

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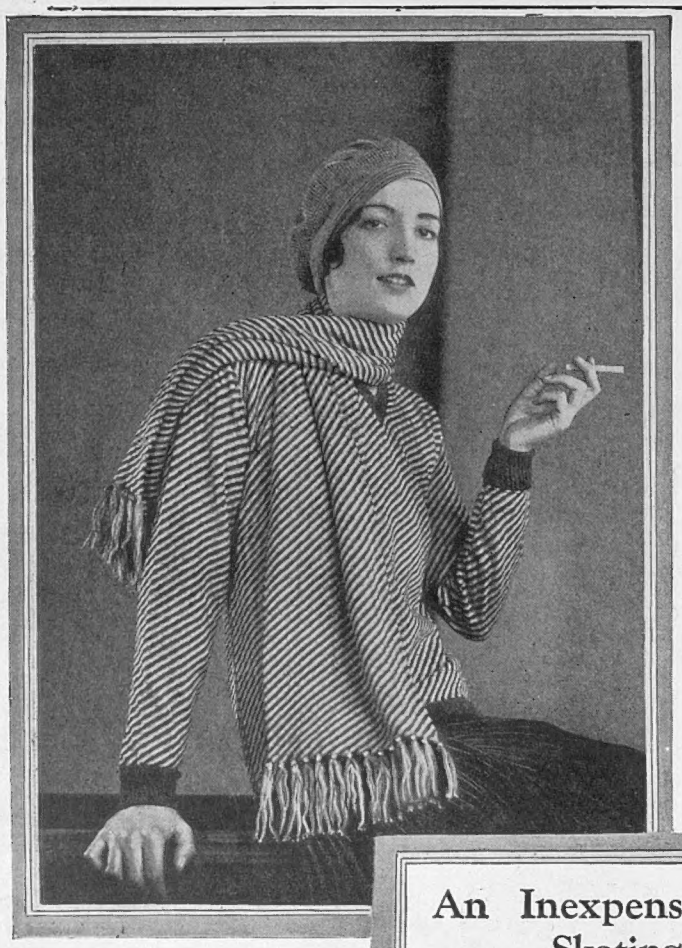

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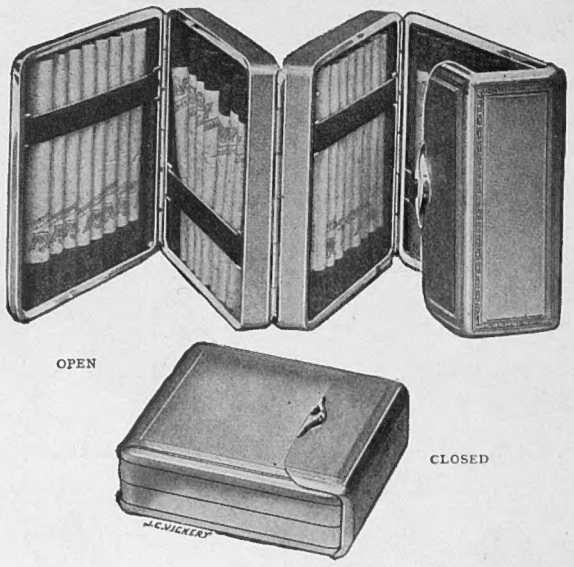

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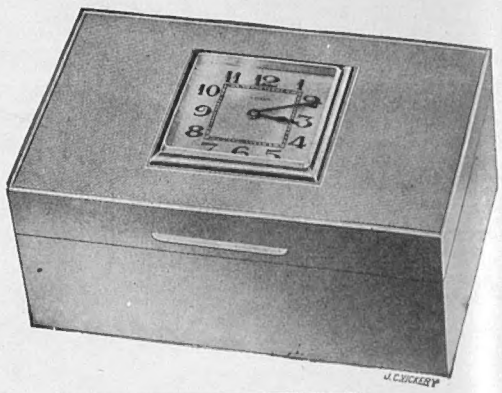

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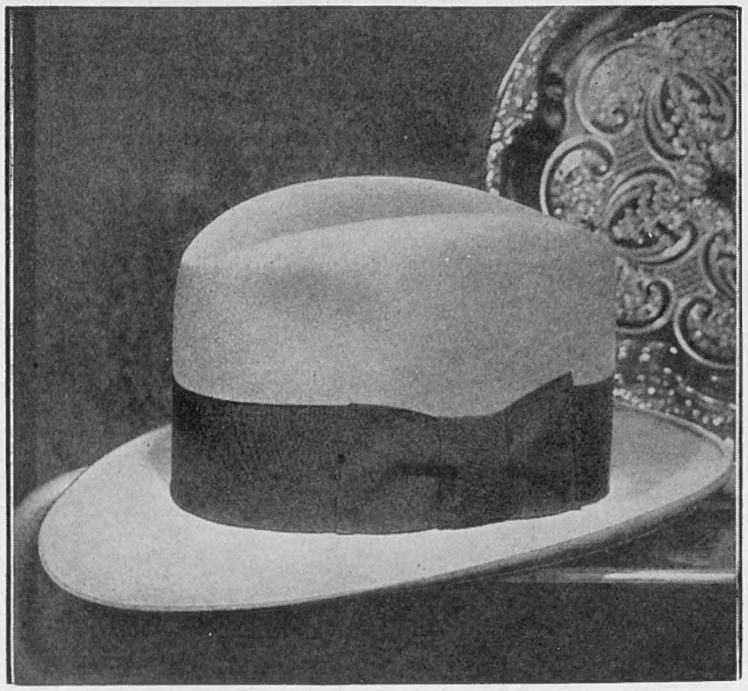

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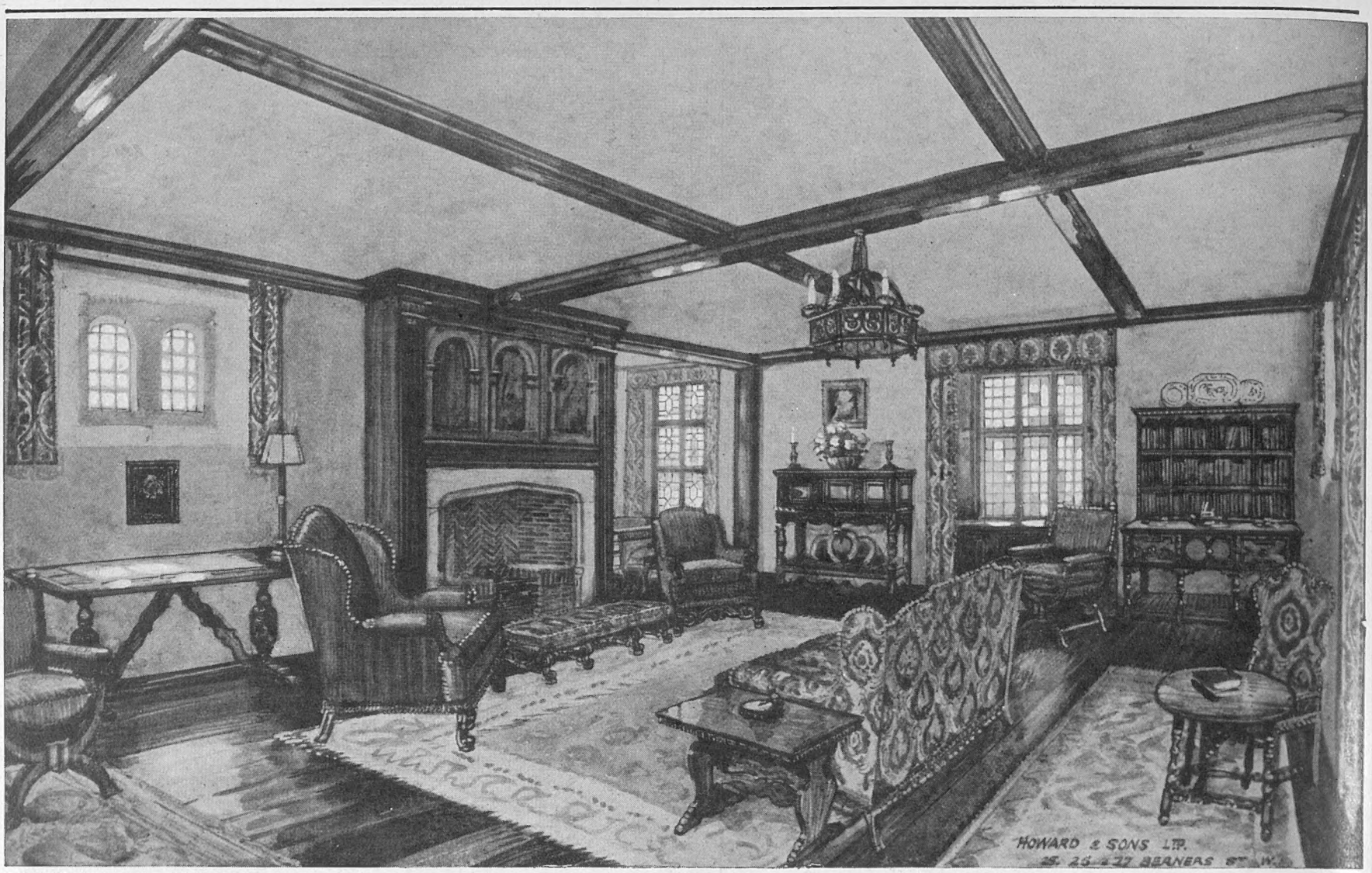

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1575 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d.} London, March 29, 1930

THE MODERN TURK LEARNS HIS NEW ALPHABET.

In order to help on the difficult task of teaching a whole people a new alphabet, the Turkish Government have affixed letters placards to the walls of houses. Here we see a couple of citizens studying the Roman text of their new Alfabe. It is by no means an easy alphabet to learn. There are numerous modifications; it will be noticed that the letters C, G, I, O, S, and U are duplicated in the upper section of this placard, and that the letters Q, W, and X are omitted. There are also two modification signs in the final corner space. The capital letters follow very closely the classical Roman alphabet as it was revived in 1500 A.D.

THE VERY LAST: Mrs. Wilson McCarty, an American, caught by "The Sphere" photographer. She was the last person to leave the Italian Exhibition on Thursday last at 9 p.m.

A London News-Letter.

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, March 26, 1930.

Lord Balfour.—Poets burning to rush into print on all sorts and every sort of occasion are not likely to win immortality as bards, but their uses as epigrammatists and photographers of current happenings may be great. It seemed to me that Lord Darling's verses on Lord Balfour, published in *The Times*, very shortly and shrewdly summed up the characteristics of that great Minister of Queen Victoria and Counsellor of our own post-War day. He had nothing to hide, for he was upright, morally courageous, and aristocratically uncompromising. Brave as a lion, with a hero's coolness of head and steadiness of heart, he was the gentlest of fighters. An amiable scholar, he was as difficult to hoodwink as the most cynical detective. He despised sentiment, he never allowed his sleep to be troubled, so that critics were wont to declare that his heart had never bled for any cause. Like all truly great minds, he treated the young and intellectually inferior as equals, for in so far as they were genuine, they genuinely interested him. He loved humanity and despised the cheers and growls of the crowd. He lived aloof in a rare high chamber furnished by his soul and brain. If he did not warm both hands before the fire of life, he enjoyed for sixty years all the prizes which life offers to an intellectual. And the unstinted admiration and love of a devoted family and wide circle of friends supplied him with the residue of life's blessings. His character and his reputation were alike big enough to survive temporary failure. To govern to-day, detachment, aloofness, moral courage, unsentimental logic, are the prime virtues. It had been well for England if Lord Balfour had been born twenty years later.

Vanishing Bank Rate.—You have to dig and delve to find any parallel for the recent quick fall in the Bank rate from 6½ per cent. in September to 3½ per cent. in March. Seven changes in six months are almost unprecedented in the history of that dignified institution. Naturally such movements only occur during crises, the critical year 1914, the still more critical years 1929–30. Our Bank rate soared to 6½ per cent. primarily because of the U. S. gambling wave and so-called boom. To finance that long drawn-out mania of speculation, New York gave up lending abroad, and offered huge rates to foreign capital. Interest rates went soaring up all over the world, and our gold was drained away. But a 3½ per cent. Bank rate does not necessarily induce optimism. It sounds well to say that there is now a plethora of money all over the world, but Chancellors of the Exchequer do not prick up their ears at the news. A plethora of money implies stagnant trade. When trade is good money is employed in trade. It is an ancient maxim that the Stock Exchange booms when trade is slack. Of course, abnormally, trade and 'Change have been alike becalmed in the doldrums, and that is a sign of truly critical times. Sound investments will now respond to the lower Bank rate, but until the frightful demands of the Budget are declared and appreciated there will be no fireworks on 'Change. As for our trade, it stands or falls on its own. Optimism, sentiment, and artificial aids are powerless to improve or damage it. And trade is the only thing that matters.

Luttrell Psalter and Bedford Book.—Last July these famous books came up for sale at the dispersal of the Lulworth Castle Library. They *are* English history. Every child's history of England has been largely illustrated from their enchanting sketches of life in Court and cottage, town and country, in the latter half of the fourteenth century. From their delicious thumbnail paintings we know how our ancestors farmed in 1400, and what like was King Henry IV, and what was the dress and fashion of the Agincourt age. Both these English heirlooms are *ours* conditionally. We have bought them but we have omitted to pay for them, a little bill of £65,000. The money was put up for the Nation by a private American gentleman, himself an ardent collector. A nobler altruism it is difficult to imagine. Mr. Pierpont Morgan lent us the money without interest for one year. At the end of a year (June next) we must pay up or forfeit both treasures to our generous friend, and look pleasant. Of the total sum, half has been promised, half remains to be found. The trustees of the British Museum—the trustees of the Nation's taste—appeal to-day for £27,000, and confidently expect that every man will do his duty. Send your sovereigns to the Director, British Museum, W.C.1. And while about it, send a guinea to the National Art Collection Fund, Hertford House, W.1, and enrol as a member of that patriotic body, with benefit to yourself and country.

Good-bye to All.—The good ship *Leonardo* is bearing home again to Italy all those noble pictures which have delighted and instructed us during the past winter. The Italian Exhibition has been perhaps the most successful international art show ever held. It has been seen by enormous crowds and taken enormous sums of money. The statistics of the Dutch and Flemish Exhibitions pale into insignificance beside the Italian. It is a great triumph for the organizers, and an epilogue must be spoken in praise of Mussolini and Lady Chamberlain and all who lent their precious works of art, or otherwise unadvertised did the really big work. It only remains for me humbly to repeat my own private and untutored opinion that the Italian Exhibition was by no means as representative, as select, as complete, or as brilliant as the Dutch, and that educationally the Italian rooms in the National Gallery provide better opportunities for serious study. The Exhibition, however, provided all England with a unique opportunity for studying under one roof some of the greatest masterpieces of painting scattered over the face of civilization. Some great masters were poorly represented.

The National.—Next to the Derby the National holds chief place in public racing interest. There is a big field, usually over thirty starters, big jumps, big odds, big risks, and on paper a big prize, but the L.S.D. of victory is apt (like the first fence in a point-to-point) to look bigger before you've handled it than after. For there's a whole lot to pay away. The way to Aintree has been made very smooth in the last decade. You eat and sleep and play bridge, and find yourself in your place for the big race. You eat and sleep and play bridge, and find yourself back in London dining at your favourite restaurant preparatory to seeing the race run again from a far more commanding and much less draughty view-point in your favourite cinema. Personally I could see the Grand National every year with never-flagging interest. But the Derby, no. It is part of an Englishman's education to see it once; but when you've seen one you've seen the lot in my opinion. I only wish the climate of Aintree was more equable. I find it only a degree less beastly than the atmosphere of your favourite cinema. I hate extremes.

The Channel Tunnel.—It is my belief that the Channel Tunnel is as near being a *fait accompli* as it was in 1883 when Mr. Gladstone, invited to give his view pro or con, replied that he was not so much in favour of a Channel Tunnel as he was opposed to the opposers of it. The tunnel, which was then being urged on by the loud voices of private promoters, was strenuously opposed by the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly the Commission has damned the flowing tide of this slow-moving river with faint praise. And as for solving the unemployment question—as I heard a young politician solemnly declare—it would give employment in the next five years to less than 1,000 men! Clearly, if the tunnel comes it will come on the shoulders of private enterprise. The Government quite rightly sets its face against any contribution just now. I wish the tunnel was there, but I cannot subscribe to the propriety of building it to-day—nor to any share issue made for that purpose.

THE DYING CONFERENCE: M. Briand goes backward and forwards to Paris and strokes the well-known collecting dog, "Lord Kitchener," at Victoria Station, but he still demands a guarantee of safety for France if he makes a concession in his tonnage figures

The Savoy Tradition.—Mr. D'Oyly Carte has brought to a close one more highly successful season of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. A very slight (and probably unwise) tendency to depart from the strict tradition of the founders was noticeable this year, a tendency to cover the more threadbare patches of humour and forgotten causes with new and gorgeous apparel. On the other hand the tendency to submit to unrestrained demands for encores was very wisely checked. The old players go on and on and seem to lose none of their vitality, though Henry Lytton murmurs of retirement. It would be playing with fire to seek to compute the number of times that he has sung "I have a song to sing, oh!" or Bertha Lewis referred to the size of her circulation. Gilbert dies without the support of Sullivan but Gilbert and Sullivan combined give life and retain life. It seems established to satisfaction that no other form of light opera can succeed in England. The melodies of Offenbach are as lovely, as varied, as eminently "hummable" as Sullivan's, but they are not wedded to the perfect wife (for an Englishman). Gilbert (except in a few of his operas) tells of dead yesterdays, lost causes, and long-forgotten fashions. But any attempt to redress him, to bring him up to date, is bound to fail lamentably. As well seek to turn a bone-shaker bicycle into an aeroplane. In so far as he dealt in truth and humanity, he is true for all time. His artificialities (which were many) are at length winning Time's forgiveness.

America Twice Blessed.—Twice and thrice blest America. In these troublous times her Senate can afford to spend two days over a "diverting discussion" of the censorship, seriously arguing the pros and cons of a provision to enable Customs officials to seize and detain in a literary Ellis Island such acknowledged literary indecencies as the works of Shakespeare, Aristophanes, Chaucer, Ramsay MacDonald, Robert Burns, and Rabelais, and other "so called literary men who for filthy lucre traffic in dirt." For the average Customs official apparently assumes that Mr. Aristophanes and Mr. MacDonald are continually engaged in increasing their output of indecent literature to keep pace with the increasing cost of living. And blest again is America in the names of her citizens. When we want a comic character we must needs invent a name for him. But America has no need to invent suitable names for the perpetrators of nameless fatuities. At such a moment, in such a debate, the hour brings forth the man in Senator Smoot (Phœbus! What a name), who came into the Senate carrying a pile of books of grossly indecent tendency, including most of those I have named, and the Bible.

A Garland of Bays.—The period of training and practice which must precede the 'Varsity Boat Race seems an eternity. The last stage of training has not yet begun. The time and trouble spent and the interest taken in the event must be, in foreign eyes, one of our most extraordinary national characteristics.

THE OLD STAGER.

LORD BALFOUR GOES HOME

The Funeral at Whittinghame, and Personalities at the Abbey Memorial Service to the Earl of Balfour

THE LAST JOURNEY OF THE EARL OF BALFOUR: The funeral procession in the private burial-grounds at Whittinghame, N.B. The coffin was carried on a farm cart and was followed by heaped-up wreaths and the mourning tenantry on foot. The number of silk hats among the tenantry was astonishing to Southerners. Lord Balfour has left the publication of his papers at the discretion of his immediate relatives—all decisions rest with them

LORD BALFOUR'S HOME COUNTY: A view of East Lothian, with a team ploughing the potato country looking towards the snow-capped Lammermuir Hills. In the far middle distance lies the estate of Whittinghame. Inset above on right *is the Duke of York (who represented the King) with the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, at the Abbey Memorial Service held at the same hour as the funeral.* At the top on the left *is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (who was present at the Abbey, as were the leaders of the other two parties) with Canon Donaldson and the Spanish Ambassador*

ANOTHER TURN OF THE AFGHAN WHEEL?

TO RETURN TO THE AFGHAN THRONE? Ex-King Amanullah, caught by the camera in Constantinople en route to Afghanistan, whither he was called by the illness of Nadir Khan. In the event of Nadir Khan's death, the ex-King may be recalled to the throne

THE REQUIEM OF A DICTATOR: The scene in Madrid when the body of Primo de Rivera, Marquis of Estella, was borne in procession from the central station, whither it was sent from France, to the bleak hill-side cemetery on the outskirts of the Spanish capital. 30,000 people lined the three-mile route. The remains were placed on banks of flowers in the station waiting-room. King Alfonso honoured the obsequies of the late General and Dictator by his presence at the Requiem Mass sung in the waiting-room

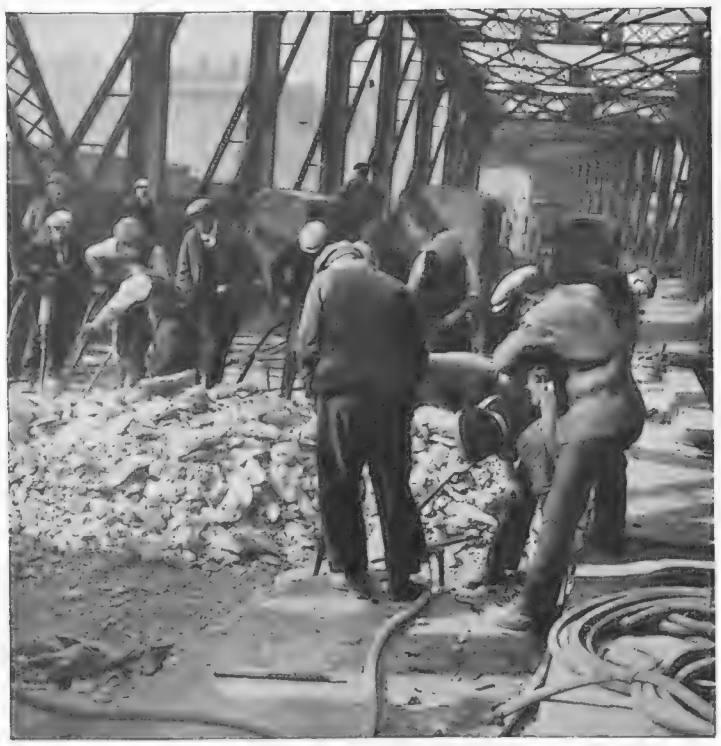
SCHOLARS SPORT WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW

THE START OF THE MILE: A thrilling moment during the meeting of the R.M.C. (Sandhurst) and the L.A.C. This event was won by Cadet S. J. L. Hill

"WELL RUN!" A Westminster scholar cheers his favourite in the school sports

"ON YOUR MARK—GET SET—GO": The start of the half-mile Open Race at the Stowe School Sports held at the school in Buckinghamshire

ITEMS OF NEWS FROM LONDON CITY



THE TEMPORARY WATERLOO BRIDGE UNDER REPAIR: An army of workmen attack the temporary Waterloo Bridge, erected only a few years ago, with pneumatic drills. The old bridge, despite its fragility, is taking two ways of traffic

AN ORGANIST AVERTS A PANIC: Salvaging talkie apparatus after the fire at the Stratford Broadway Cinema, where the organist played "Three Blind Mice" —the signal of "fire" to the staff. The organist continued to play until pieces of burning material fell on him. The 600 members of the audience filed out in an orderly manner. Two of the huge loud-speakers set behind the screen are seen above being rescued

SNOW STILL TROUBLES ENGLAND'S ROADS

THE FROZEN SOUTH: A scene on the Folkestone-Dover Road after the South Coast's worst snowstorm this year. The fall occurred when the first promise of spring had been felt in the air and it made the Downs look like the Alps

DIGGING OUT: Transport difficulties were acute in the early part of this week in the Pennines. Many cars were snow-bound, especially on the moorland road between Manchester and Sheffield, at Saltersbrook

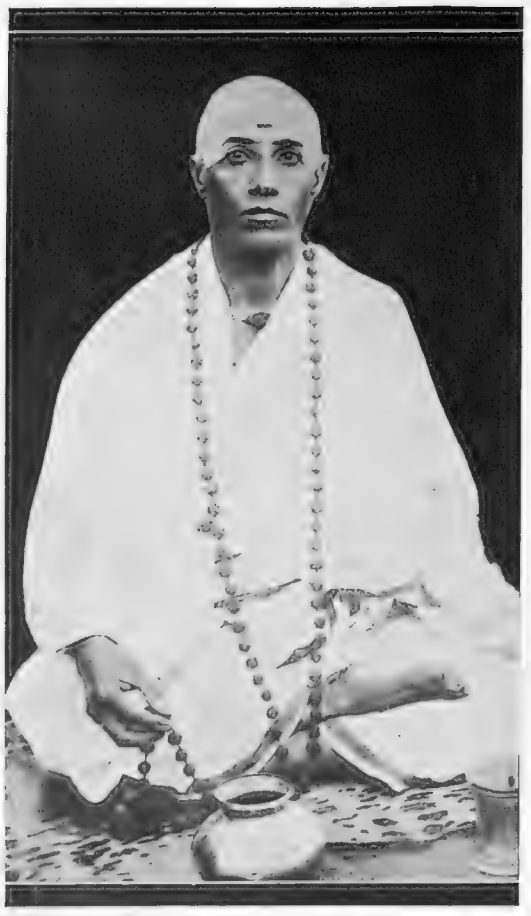
THREE MUSKETEERS IN MUFTI

THE DRESS REHEARSAL: Special "Sphere" pictures taken from the front of the house during the dress rehearsal of "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane. Mr. Felix Edwardes, the producer, Mr. Dennis King, Mr. Jack Livesay, Mr. Arthur Wontner, Miss Adrienne Brune, Mr. Raymond Newell, and Mr. Robert Woollard can be discerned above on left. Mr. George Bishop and Miss Lilian Davies on right

STOCKINGS AT THE LAUNDRY

DRYING AND IRONING: A new patent device for silk stockings. This shapes the hose and can be adjusted to any size. It was one of the exhibits at the International Laundry and Allied Trades Exhibition held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, opened by the Minister of Labour, Miss Margaret Bondfield

THE PRINCE AND THE DUMMY PATIENT: A moment during the inauguration of the new Preliminary Training School for Nurses at University College Hospital Medical School, by Prince George



THE HIGH CASTE HINDU: A Brahman priest of Southern India, one of the ruling caste

The FORCE behind INDIAN UNREST

The Priestly Brahman's determination to maintain his dominating position

By ARTHUR R. SLATER

The members of the Simon Commission, appointed to collect material on which the Government may legislate for the further political development of India, must have been amazed at the very conflicting points of view presented to them by the various classes in India. The opposing views of the Hindus and the Muhammadans are fairly well known, and the fact that these great religions find it almost impossible to reach any common ground of agreement makes the solution of the political problem exceedingly difficult. Numerically and intellectually the Muhammadans are inferior to the Hindus, and any system of representation in the government of the country that depends on mere numbers or ability, that is, that does not take into consideration the communal question is bound to be a failure. The bitterness between these two great faiths was probably never stronger than at the present time, and every attempt to relegate the Muhammadans to a place of inferiority will be deeply resented.

But it is not so generally realized that there are divisions among the Hindus in which the jealousy is equally strong, and that some of the most strenuous opposition to the views of the Extremists comes from those sections of the community who realize that excessive power in the hands of the high caste will render their position more difficult and deprive them of the political power they themselves have steadily been gaining under the impartial rule of the British. As long ago as 1833 the British Parliament laid it down emphatically that "no native of the said Indian territories shall by reason only of his religion, descent, colour, or any of them be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the company."

This was aimed not merely at including Indians in the work of the administration which was mainly controlled by British officials, but of ensuring that the members of all castes should be given an equal opportunity. Before the advent of the British practically all the high posts were in the hands of the higher castes, and they exercised their power in the interests of their own families, the lower castes being kept in complete subjection. Not the least of the grievances against the British administration is the limiting of the powers of these ruling classes who held their position mainly on religious grounds, and not on account of military or other useful service to the State. By throwing open all Government offices to all Indians, irrespective of caste considerations, a very heavy blow was struck at the monopoly these high-caste people held.

Of these, the Brahmans were far and away the most powerful, and they deeply resented the change which, unless counteracted, would seriously diminish their prestige, for in numbers they were almost negligible. No one can doubt the ability of the Brahmans, and throughout the history of India they have exercised a strong influence, for they had the monopoly of learning, and to this was added the prestige of their religious position. They have produced some of the finest thinkers in India, and they have neglected no means of maintaining their hold over the lower castes.

They were also quick to see the way in which the authority might be maintained under the British rule, which recognized only ability and not religious standing as a qualification for office. It was necessary that large numbers of Indians should be employed in the work of the Government, and as a knowledge of English was essential, the Brahmans quickly set themselves to master the language, and made themselves necessary to their English rulers. Though they did not retain the high positions previously held they gained an influence that made them practically masters of the situation. They took advantage of every scheme for advancing their education, with the result that even to-day they stand head and shoulders above the other castes in ability and influence. Not only have they maintained their leadership in the work of the Government, and consequently in the political life of the country, but their religious position is still unassailed. Sir Valentine Chirol says of this class: "The Brahman who had been from Vedic times as the appointed servant of the gods, the only lawful expounder of the Scriptures, the maker of the laws to be deduced from them, and ordained dispenser of divine favour through prayer and sacrifice, continued to mould Hindu beliefs, and it is not surprising that in building up a unique social structure on the basis of caste, he should have been able to secure for himself a position of unchallenged supremacy at its very pinnacle. He invested it with the highest sanction of religion."

But alongside this movement for strengthening their position has developed a strong feeling among the non-Brahmans against their hereditary subjection, and this growth has been specially evident in recent years. The non-Brahmans far outnumber the Brahmans, but on account of the inferior position they have held through the ages, they have not had the opportunity of developing their intellectual and political capacities. They are now beginning to feel their feet, and for the first time in their long history they have hopes that they may be able to exercise an influence commensurate with their numbers. This has only been made possible by the impartial rule of the British, who have opened to them all the avenues of educational and political advancement.

They are fully aware that their only chance of consolidating their position is the continuation of that rule. That does not mean that they wish the wheels of political progress to stand still, for they too are imbued with the national spirit. But they are concerned that whatever power is given shall not become the monopoly of one caste. In South India especially, the non-Brahmans have set their faces determinedly against the Brahman monopoly, and a very strong party has been formed in recent years, which has not yet consolidated its power. But as an evidence of its growing strength, in the first elections for the reformed Councils they almost swept the board, and the first Ministry in the Madras Presidency was non-Brahman.

It is difficult for people who have not lived in South India to appreciate the bitterness existing between the Brahmans and non-Brahmans, and there are no signs that the strong animosity will pass away for many years. The non-Brahmans are well aware of the strength of the other party, and they were forced to realize the weakness of their own party when they suffered defeat in the next election. They know that time is required to bind them together into a strong party that will be able to claim its rightful place in the Government of the country, and they can see no hope of such conditions prevailing that will make this possible save the system under which they are now governed.

In the case of the Mysore State, where until very recently about 90 per cent. of the high offices of State were held by Brahmans, the feeling ran high, and the ruling Prince has now passed legislation by which this section, numerically much stronger than the Brahmans, will enjoy a fairer proportion of the spoils of office. In British India it is not so easy to deal with the problems of the situation.

While, as the result of specious efforts to work upon the non-Brahmans by emphasizing their wrongs and promising them full redress when independence is granted, the Extremists may gain a measure of support from this section, it is certain that the political leaders will unite in strong opposition to any measures which place their hardly won position in jeopardy.

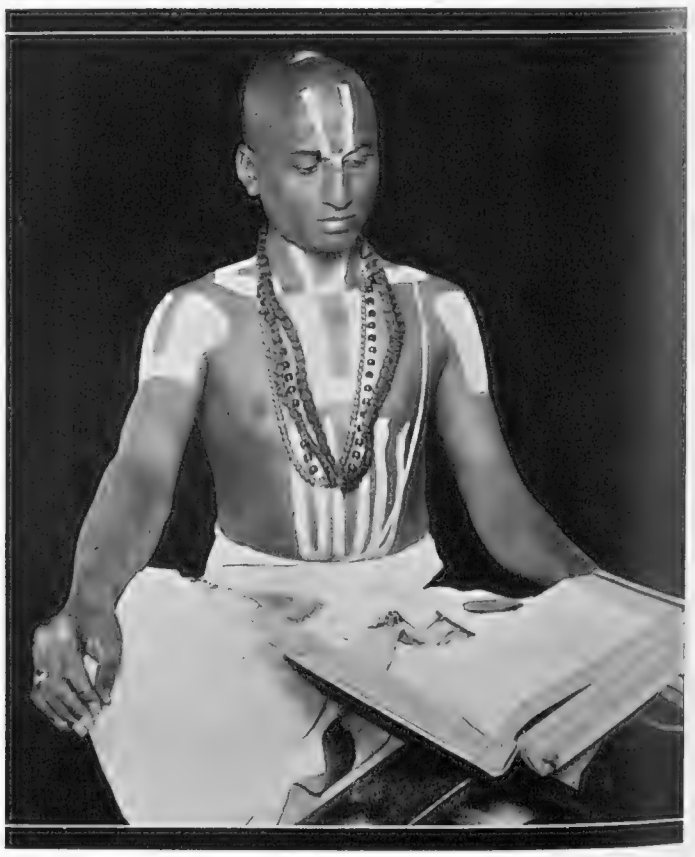
But there is another class, numbering no less than 60,000,000, who can scarcely be classed as Hindus at all, and who up to the present have not been in a position to exercise any influence on the situation.

The Depressed Classes, or "untouchables," have never been granted any rights under the Hindu social system, and it is impossible to exaggerate the degraded position to which they have been condemned through the ages. There is no greater blot on the name of India than the treatment afforded to these people. They must live in villages apart; they must carry out all the degrading menial services; they are not allowed in the temples; they are forbidden the use of any wells save those set apart for them; they must not approach a high caste man, who would be contaminated by their very presence. In South India and in Malabar they are treated worse than pigs, and until the British power made itself felt they were virtually the slaves of the caste people.

In the last fifty years large numbers of these Depressed Classes have been brought into the Christian Church, with such results that the change is nothing short of marvellous.

To these people the only suggestion of hope for the future has come from the British Government, which has tried to alleviate their lot. "But to this day, although the letter of the law is on their side, custom and popular prejudice deny them the free use of the public roads, bridges, and ferries, and the law itself is not strong enough to secure them free access to the law courts and the schools." In some places where members of these classes have attempted to exert their right of entrance to Government schools all the scholars and teachers have left in a body. But the situation is changing, and these people are claiming their religious and political rights. Serious situations have arisen by their insistence on the right to enter the temples, a procedure which has been strongly and successfully resisted by the caste people. Political rights have been non-existent, and the efforts of the British Government to give these have been met with determined opposition.

But in recent years, as the result of the spread of education, their political consciousness has been developing, and the Government has insisted on representatives from them being placed on the Councils. There is no doubt whatever that, given a chance, they will prove themselves worthy citizens. They know that their newborn hopes can only be fulfilled if they are assured that their rights will be respected. Every praise must be given to the high caste men who have, in spite of strong opposition, taken up the cause of these Depressed Classes, but they will be the first to acknowledge that they have ground to fear any change which would lessen the forces that are ranged on their side. Their leaders are ready to support the cause of national development, but they insist that their own hope of salvation rests on the continuation of the British connection.



A MAN OF INFLUENCE: A Brahman scholar

THE SITUATION IN INDIA: *Strikes and Marches with the Hidden Influences Behind*

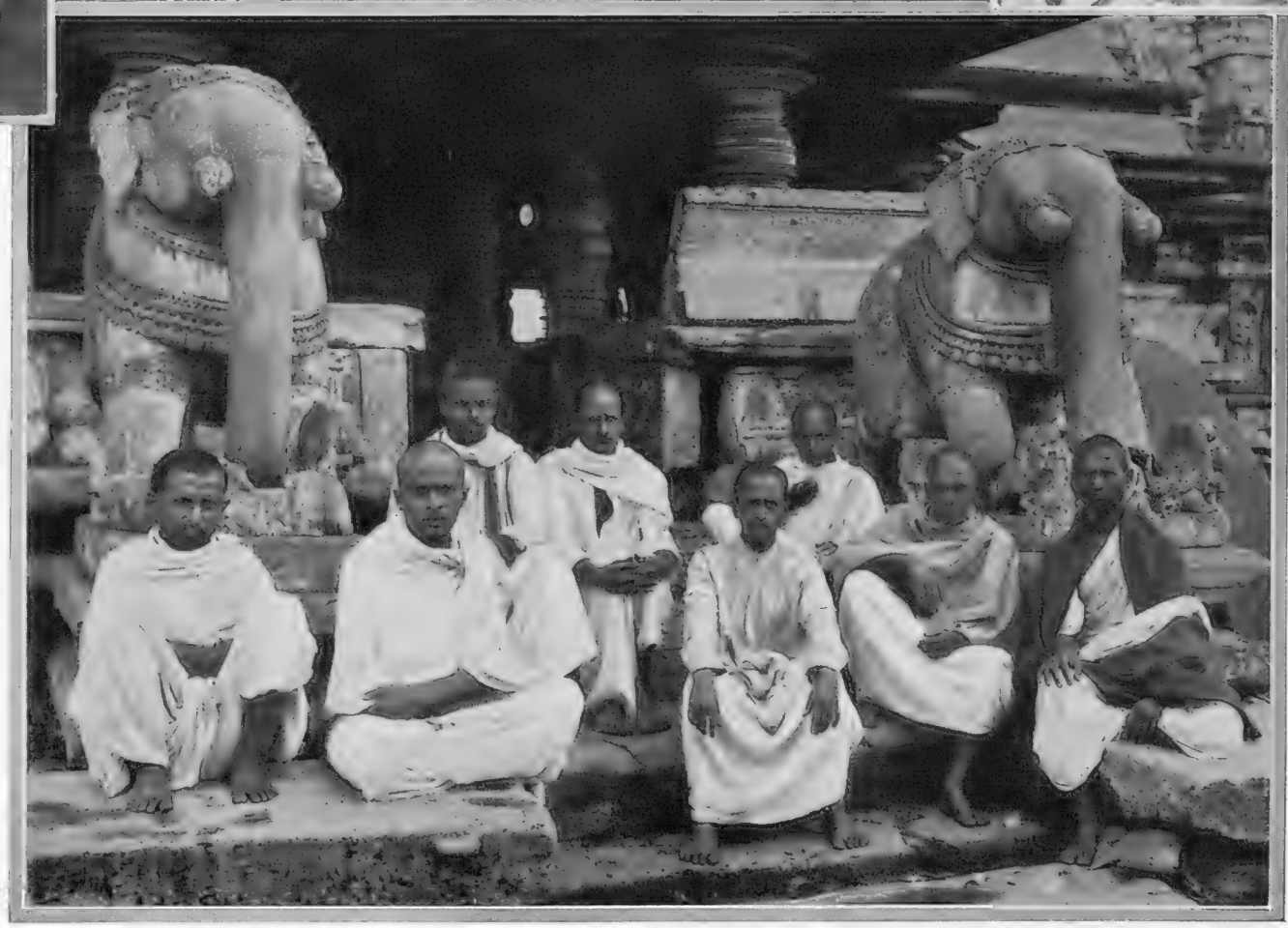
DEMANDING SWARAJ: Ranggswamy Eiengar, General Secretary of the Indian National Congress. He hails from Madras

On right—*A TEACHER OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE: Schaukat Ali*

A STRIKE THAT FAILED: A meeting of the strikers of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway outside the head offices of the railway, Bombay. 12,000 men went out, but a full service was maintained

SWARAJISTS OF NOTE: P. C. Mitter and (right) S. M. Halder

Mr. Ghandhi's march to the salt strongholds, begun with a flourish, is rapidly fizzling out. The number of the volunteers has been, to the Swarajists, extremely disappointing, and it is suggested that, to flog the dying enthusiasm, liquor and foreign clothier shops should also be picketed. This step, it is mooted, is to be taken on April 6, but it is doubtful whether the "damp squib" will explode. The Government's hand has been strengthened by the extension of the term of office of Khan Bahadur Sir Muhammad Usman



LEADERS IN THEIR VILLAGE: A group of Brahmans—a caste which is trying to keep India 3,000 years behind the times and to maintain their own prestige and position

The NEWS of the WEEK.

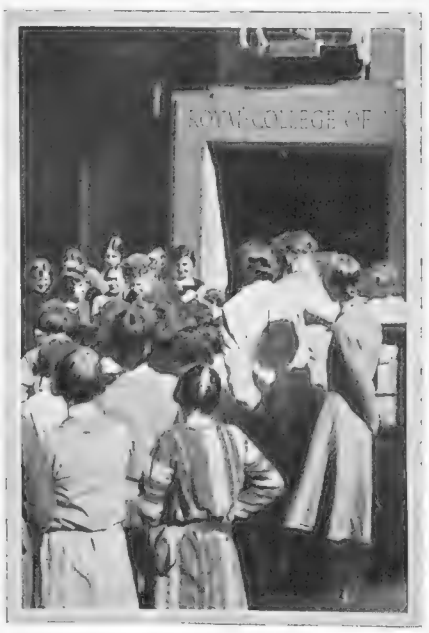
The London to the Cape Flight: Mr. Courtneidge Produces from a Sick Bed: The River Yields an Ancient Gun: A Surprise Visit to an Art College: The Ocean Record-Breaker

THE SPECIAL GLOSTER SURVEYING BIPLANE LEAVES HESTON AERODROME: Last week Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler left Heston Aerodrome in a special Gloster machine for Northern Rhodesia via Belgrade and Athens, and down the Nile to Bloemfontein. On behalf of the Aircraft Operating Company, of which Mr. Butler is chairman, they are flying the Gloster, the first machine specially designed for air survey work, in order to deliver it to the company's survey headquarters. This type of machine is to survey and map an area of 63,000 square miles in Northern Rhodesia, the largest air survey yet undertaken. The bottom of the Gloster is fitted with windows which facilitate the taking of the air survey photographs. On the right Mr. and Mrs. Butler are shown in their special flying kit just before the start from Heston Aerodrome, the great centre of private flying in this country

THE SPIRIT OF EMPIRE: Mr. and Mrs. Alan S. Butler, who are flying down the centre of Africa to deliver a special survey biplane in Northern Rhodesia. They are seen above just before taking off on their long flight

IN SICKNESS AS IN HEALTH: Mr. Robert Courtneidge, the producer, lay ill with double pneumonia, but he still directed operations for his production, "The Damask Rose," seen at the Savoy last Wednesday. On Tuesday Mr. Lytton, the stage-manager, brought a scene model to his bedside for a final discussion

THE RIVER REVEALS ITS PAST: A P.L.A. dredger arrives at Tower Pier with an ancient gun, weighing a couple of tons, hauled up near the pier



A SURPRISE VISIT. H.M. the Queen paid a surprise visit to the Royal College of Art, South Kensington. Her Majesty is seen leaving

THE BREAKER OF RECORDS: The *Europa*, Germany's newest ocean greyhound, which shattered the record set up by her sister ship, the *Bremen*, last July. The *Europa*, on her maiden trip, made the time of 4 days 17 hr. 6 min., beating the *Bremen's* time by 38 min.

The Prince's Palace

THE PRINCESS OF MONACO: Princess Charlotte with her ex-husband, Prince Pierre

The Musée Oceanographique

PRINCE of a TOWN of PLEASURE.

The Hereditary Prince of Monaco, Louis II, Speaks on International Interests to

Colonel P. T. ETHERTON

Never was there such a cycle of romance as clings to the name of Monaco and Monte Carlo; Monaco because it is a commanding and assertive mass of rock that juts out into the Mediterranean as though to emphasize its contempt of the sea and the waves which have tried conclusions with it since the world began; Monte Carlo because it features the Temple of Chance, the famous Casino, the greatest gambling place on earth, with its amazing story of tragedy, comedy, and romance.

This tiny State is but eight square miles in extent with a population of some 23,000. In three strokes you could drive a golf ball across the narrowest part of the principality, but no place on earth could compare with it for the amount of history and desperate adventure it has managed to cram into its existence. For 900 years it has belonged to the Grimaldi, who were originally of Genoese extraction, this aggressive and enterprising family acquiring it in 968. They also held Mentone and one or two other places on the Riviera, but in 1861 the then Prince of Monaco released his hold on them to the French for a cash payment of 4,000,000 francs. Later on, Monte Carlo, although not the actual capital of the State, came into prominence, and the Casino was built on the ground leased from the Prince of Monaco, a concession I was told that expires in 1947. The company, or Société Anonyme, which was granted the gambling rights had to conclude quite an original agreement. It must maintain the gardens and houses and defray municipal expenditure, so that Monaco is a land where there is no taxation, a haven for which most of us have been looking long and earnestly.

Volumes might be written on the story of the great personalities, the soldiers and adventurers who have reigned as lords of Monaco. They fought and won, they plotted and schemed, but through it all they kept the flag of Monaco flying over the rock.

This time I came into Monaco as a participant in the great International Motor Rally, and Louis II, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, graciously intimated that he would be glad to receive me in audience. Thus it came to pass that I drove up the broad highway that has been hewn out of the solid rock, to the palace of the last of the great feudal rulers in Europe.

Passing the imposing archway guarded by two sentries in the picturesque uniform of the Monaco army—which numbers approximately 100 men—I was taken in hand by a major-domo, the splendour of whose uniform of long dark-green coat, medals, and huge cocked hat, nothing could excel. In his company I threaded corridors and ante-rooms until he handed me over to a chamberlain clad in livery trimmed with gold, breeches, and white silk stockings. In his turn he conducted me to the principal secretary and aide-de-camp on duty, who led me to the Prince's private study.

The man who received me in his sanctum, furnished in perfect taste, was sitting at his writing-table, from which one could glimpse the blue sea. He greeted me in excellent English; he is of commanding height, with a decided personality, looks at you straightly, with a keen and peculiarly attractive expression, and has the rare gift of listening to your remarks so as to give the impression that your conversation is the one thing in the world worth hearing.

"I hear you have travelled far and wide," said the Prince. I admitted the soft impeachment, and forthwith we plunged into a variety of subjects. He is a great patron of the arts, and spoke with pride of his father, who created the finest sea-museum in the world, full of marine animals and the wonders of the vasty deep.

We strolled about his study and I admired his collection of paintings, many of them Morland's. "Yes," he said, "I picked most of them up in America; what a pity it is that so much British art goes out of the country. Nothing can equal the beauty of, or link us up better with, the past than a priceless manuscript or a picture."

"Your hostess," said the Prince, "has a magnificent collection of Morlands"—this referred to Mrs. James Edwards whose guest I was in Monaco, and whose collection will go to the British nation. "That is a splendid act," he said; "it helps to save your priceless British art."

We talked for a time of the changing face of the world. The ruler of Monaco, who has numbered among his friends the monarchs of every European country, thinks that the upheaval is not yet ended. "The whole world is in the melting pot," he said "there is Russia, once a great and commanding Power in Europe under a Tsar who was all-powerful, now it has altered completely."

The Prince is extraordinarily well read, reads all the latest books that come out on world problems, and is a constructive critic. "I like your constitutional monarchy," he said; "you have such great traditions behind you, yet the British people are the most democratic."

"You have been in China," the Prince said, "there is a country that has been a monarchy for thousands of years. What is going to happen there?" I said that, although my experience of the Chinese extended over many years, it was impossible to say.

Although part of the State revenue is derived from the Casino, the Prince dislikes gambling and rarely, if ever, goes there.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO: Louis II, who retains his throne despite opposition

We talked of war and peace and the attempts made by too impetuous kings and princes to remodel their States and put old wine into new bottles.

"There is Afghanistan; the new man wanted to wipe out old customs and change the order of things that the people had known for hundreds of years for something entirely new and foreign to them. It can't be done; these things take time, especially in the East, and even in Europe one must go slowly. If you have a sound constitutional monarchy there is the sense of kingship, the sense of tradition, and when a country is founded on that it can count on permanency, even in a world that is shaking around it."

The Prince has served with distinction in the French army, and this led us to discuss the possibilities of another war. "I cannot think that there will be any more war. What is your opinion?" I said that nations like individuals were difficult to control once their passions were aroused and their honour or territory were at stake, but it seemed feasible to come to some arrangement for a limitation of armaments.

"If there is another war," he said, "it will no doubt be mainly chemical; most nations are manufacturing chemicals and poison gas; at the same time they are holding peace conferences. If we are to have wars in future, the chemists and not the generals, will decide the issues."

The Prince was intensely interested in my seventy-two-hour run from John o' Groat's to Monaco, and asked about the driving and what we lived on during the two-thousand-mile dash across Britain and France. "We shared the driving," I said, "and lived on biscuits, ovaltine, and chocolate."

Country life and hobbies next claimed our attention. The ruler of Monaco, autocrat and controlling genius though he is, likes nothing better than to get away to his estate up in the mountains and imitate his friend, King Boris of Bulgaria, who hoes and digs in the garden and trains the flowers and shrubs.

We spoke of Bulgaria's near neighbour, Albania, the newest monarchy in Europe, and I learnt that in pre-War days the throne had been offered to Lord Kitchener, for whom the warlike Albanians had the greatest admiration. Kitchener declined the honour on the grounds that he had enough worries of his own.

When I quitted the royal presence I felt that in Prince Louis II I had met a personality of liberal and democratic ideas, whose versatility covers a wide field, from guiding the ship of state to raising roses and carnations.

Drawn by Eric Fraser

There is the soloist who takes the floor with the idea of never giving it up. . . . A dictatorship only too popular in Victorian days

CONVERSATION—The Neglected Art.

Manners in action are taught: Why not manners in the art and subject of speech?

By

EMIL LUDWIG

If we give the name of education to the sum of all that one can acquire by learning, without being a specialist, then the task of the school is a preparatory education, by means of which the young man may begin with some ease to move about among educated people. The child from its first year learns to imitate what it sees its mother doing, and unconsciously begins that education which it brings to a temporary conclusion at sixteen to eighteen years, in order to set out on that uninterrupted chain of human experience which is to be ended only with death—still continuing, still incomplete. That even the genius must in the beginning learn to eat, to walk, and to talk, and at the end has achieved only a part of the ability and the knowledge for which he has strived all his life long, and that neither knowledge nor experience can be passed on to children—only fools lament. For, just as wealth enriches inwardly in the highest degree the man who has won it, talents in the moral sense are only fruitful because one must slowly develop them oneself.

In order to hold their own in the life of society, children and young people learn certain common drills, and when they leave behind their sheltered youth to go forth into the forest of life they are armed for the struggle of all against all—or they should be. It may also be compared to a game of cards the rules of which one learns in youth, so that even without practice, but not without knowledge of the cards, one will be ready should life require or invite one to take part.

Thus the young man enters the circle of young people prepared in speech, in manners, in sports, and with a certain knowledge of affairs and people, to take such part as the customs of his country (to-day one may also say of the white race) require of him. He has acquired that nameless knowledge which binds everybody together without distinguishing anyone; he does as the others do, he makes no social blunders. From now on he can enter into any society without fear of being laughed at as a booby. If he does not play tennis, he can play the piano; if he cannot speak French, he knows how to blow up an automobile tyre; if he cannot tell oats from corn, he can quote Shakespeare, and if he cannot dance the Charleston, perhaps he can swim. He has learned how to eat, to greet people, to stand, to dress; how to introduce himself and others; how to ask for sugar at a tea; where one must not smoke; how to express sympathy in cases of misfortune; and that one should not immediately ask a stranger why he is divorced. Manners, commonplaces, physical exercises, and a sketchy general knowledge are now acquired in all lands.

But in no study plan either in the Old or the New World have I seen that young people were learning the art of conversation. And yet this is the commonest kind of intercourse; every morning everywhere in the world it begins anew when two men meet; every evening at a million tables it goes on among three to ten or more persons. Eating in common is no more widespread than talking together, and yet while everyone is required to have a knowledge of how to eat, in conversation anarchy reigns. Because no one has learned it—or at most only a few through experience or talent have taught themselves—everyone goes on the best he can, just as if everybody on the streets should turn his car to right or left as he felt like it.

There are here no unwritten laws; penalties are lacking; and it seems hard that society can rebel against the noisy, tactless talk of an individual only through his exclusion or through mockery.

The types which spoil conversation are well known.

There is the soloist who takes the floor with the idea of never giving it up. He strings out one story after another, and even if he is an exceptionally good story-teller, he degrades the others present by his dictatorship to the position of underlings instead of a circle of people of equal rights who play up to each other. In his presence better educated and more experienced people are silent, and everyone goes home enriched by a couple of anecdotes which they forget before morning, but robbed of the opportunity of comparing themselves with others through the exchange of thoughts and experiences. For in this comparison rests the charm of conversation and the more varied the company the greater is the desire and the opportunity to test out one's fortunes for their difficulty, their depth, or their commonplaceness.

Then there is the naïve man; who enters the company full of his own experiences on the journey hither or of his afternoon at the office; he does not ask, and he does not see, whom he has before him, but begins talking of his latest private affairs in order to unburden himself.

There is the negative man; any praise, any prominence attained by men or things or situations he at once begins to belittle, to pull down, or simply to deny. There is his opposite, the superlativist, who has seen too little not to over-value his experiences, and who does not notice how the meagreness of his communications wearies others.

There is the confessor who, even when he does not praise himself particularly, yet bores his listeners because he is telling a dozen people what is fit only for the intimacy of two.

There is the dogmatic man who tenaciously defends his views even when the talk is about incidents, not opinions, about amusing or remarkable happenings and not about ideas.

Another condition which kills conversation is due to the social fetters of the participants; respect for a title or an office, more common in Europe than in America, paralyses some of those present, and makes them silent out of a false sense of respect, listening for some oracular utterance to fall from the lips of a man who may be only desirous of enjoying himself in an agreeable circle.

The opposite and the more common trouble arises from the desire of some individual to shine, to distinguish himself, to dominate the group. Thus arises the rudeness of one person's trying to outdo another. Someone is telling about some dangerous automobile trip, some successful hunt, of some sudden shock, about somebody's huge stupidity or his fatness, somebody's beauty or silliness; he has scarcely finished, and the laughter or expressions of surprise follow his story like the postlude of the orchestra after an aria by Verdi. Immediately someone rushes in with, "Why that is nothing at all. Once I ——"

In some regularly recurring school period called "conversation" someone should present these types of growing boys and girls as a warning. At the same time they should be taught what conditions promote good conversation.

The first question is, "How large is the group?" A symphony cannot be played in a medium-sized room or a quartet in a huge hall. Three men must carry on a different sort of conversation from ten, even if the ten are sitting in one around a table so that a single theme holds them together. Whoever is moved to speak out so loud that all faces will be turned to him and all tongues silenced must know whether his theme is too delicate for a large group or too loud for a trio of listeners.

Also when people are sitting in the open, on a terrace, their gaze directed over the sea or the far countryside, there are different acoustics from those of a single room. Discourses are like statues, some of which display their special artistry best in the open, others in an enclosed space. The tone at table, and therefore the readiness of more or less hungry and thirsty people to take up some intellectual subject, must be different from the tone of the smoking-room; and yet immediately after the meal among the satisfied guests the tone is lower than before unless the wine has heated their heads.

The preconceived notion that in company, and particularly at dinner, everyone must talk, produces in the course of an hour a din that none of of the participants notices. But a person coming from the street into a room where twenty persons are just finishing dinner would think that he was approaching an African kraal. And in the so-called best society of London and Berlin it is no better; in America I have in some cases found relative calm.

This condition is due to the supposed obligation of the gentleman to "entertain" his lady. Even in intellectual circles it is hardly possible to say to the chatterer, man or woman, at our side that we would rather listen to the talk opposite, where some interesting subject is being developed. Even in houses of the highest standing a distinguished guest is often offended because at his left at table people go on talking while he is saying important things to his right. At the table of a great English poet I had that experience, although we were only six persons at table and the famous man was telling historical anecdotes of his youth. While the eighty-year-old Bismarck was talking to a young diplomat about politics at a table, on his other side the young man was engaged in conversation by Bismarck's daughter, and only with difficulty could he free himself.

Good talk is always general talk, and eight persons at a table or in a group are the maximum. If the conversation is carried on in many speeches it gains in colour; if one should report later even two sentences that he has heard, it would at once be marked how quickly a thought fades.

In a small circle everyone obtains that importance which he modestly seeks. Next to the story-teller there is usually a reasoner who sits silent only at the end by an epigram he brings the question to a more striking or a more entertaining conclusion. In the meantime there is the art of the secret leader of the conversation who enlivens a dull or empty conversation by a question addressed to one of the guests; he has for knowledge of the answer or the anecdote which he is providing, and thus gives the talk a new direction, and takes the other by surprise.

Just as the silent hostess looks about the table and then by some little gesture to the servant tells him to do something, in the same way the host should feel himself responsible not only for the wine and the cigars, but for the conversation before anything else. Unnoticed he should be listening to note where something is lacking, and, with a word of his own, he should connect up the conversation and enliven it.

If he or the hostess is good at telling a story, he must find some middle course between his duty to entertain and respect for the desire of his guests to talk—a middle course which tact and practice discover only to a few. If he sees a guest developing into a good conversationalist, like a theatrical director, he will engage this star further. If two guests are on the point of coming to dissension with sharp words, he must have his fire apparatus ready in order to extinguish the first flames. For at table any strife is more out of place than the stalest general agreement. After dinner it is different. In all events the host must not for a moment forget that he is not a guest—that he is not to entertain himself but others.

A further decisive distinction is whether women alone, men alone, or both sexes are conversing. Upon that depends not only the love theme, not only the so-called shop talk which interests men in similar circles but rarely their wives, but much more—the whole atmosphere of the conversation is changed by the presence of women. A hundred unspoken relations exist between the words spoken and the thoughts; everything gains at once in charm, in variety, and danger, for while a silent glance divides men and women, or brings them together, here they sit as well-domesticated beasts of prey in blameless conversation at the same table, while new dangers are created, and what is passed in silence gains in significance. And the most important woman, or the plainest, if she enters a circle of excited talking men, however masculine she may consider herself, must give a new turn to the conversation.

(Continued on p. 564)

COPYING THE BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES: Ardent devotees at work at the Dempoin Temple, Asakusa, Tokio. It is stated that such work is tantamount to a passport to Paradise! A symptom of progressiveness may be seen in the presence of women at the work

JAPAN at WORK and PLAY.

THE NEW YEAR'S GAME IN JAPAN: Four little Nipponese children play su=go=roku, a game traditional at the season. The first child to gain the goal position, attained by throwing dice, a method of play familiar to the Orient, receives the apples as a prize

SUBMERGING a HOSPICE in SWITZERLA

A Huge Water-power Scheme to Provide Electric Light and Power for the Alpine Valleys during Winter—a Scheme which Uses the same Water Again and Again—

and a Big Triple-domed Dam Dedicated by Mr. Coolidge in U.S.A.

ONE OF A SERIES OF DAMS: The 290-metre dam wall. In the background is a view of the Aare, dominating which is the Finsteraarhorn. This dam wall has to be clamped 12 m. deep into the rock and is 68 m. broad at the base. On right —THE DAM WALL: The giant structure above which runs the cable railway

DOOMED: The old Grimsel Hospice and the two lakes—an Alpine landscape to be obliterated by the new power scheme

SEEN FROM THE NEW ROAD TO GRIMSEL: The dam across the Spitalklamm. To the right is the old bridle-path; in the centre the road to the old hospice; on the left the Nollen, with the new buildings which will dominate the lake

The increasing demand for electrical energy is forcing Switzerland to make enormous high-pressure works in order to have reserves during the winter, when the rivers contain less water, and in consequence supply diminishing power. The rapid growth of demand for electrical power necessitates great care for the future, and such foresight is shown in the work now being constructed at the Grimsel Pass. The whole Hasli Valley, from Immertkirchen to the Grimsel Hospice, a length of 20 km., is being made into a great source of power, the district possessing peculiarly favourable natural conditions. From Immertkirchen to the Grimsel Pass the valley mounts (about 1,250 m.) in many stages, *so that it is possible to use the originally collected water several times before it finally leaves the valley.* The Grimsel scheme is to provide three works in "steps" along the valley. The chief construction (with a mechanical power of 120,000 ps.) will be at the lower end of the Handeck Fall, and is already so far forward that the supply of current can begin. The second "step-work" is to be made at Gutannen, and another at Immertkirchen. But the Grimsel power-station will exceed the three great Federal Railway power-works at Amsteg, Ritom, and Barberine, and in a short time will be excelled by no other works on the Continent. The immensity of the undertaking can be seen by the visitor at the chief valley work at the Handeck, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the old Grimsel Hospice, where the impressive repose of magnificent mountain scenery has vanished for ever.

The true source of power is the great dam at Grimsel, where a water reserve of 100 m. will be stored up. In order to form this lake the Aare Valley has to be closed near the hospice by two powerful walls. One wall blockades the narrow pass of the Spitalklamm, through which hitherto the Aare flowed and the road passed leading to the old hospice and the two lakes. It has been necessary to make the dam walls of unusual dimensions, as they have to withstand the main pressure of the stored-up mass of water. The dam wall is clamped 12 m. deep into the rock, is 68 m.

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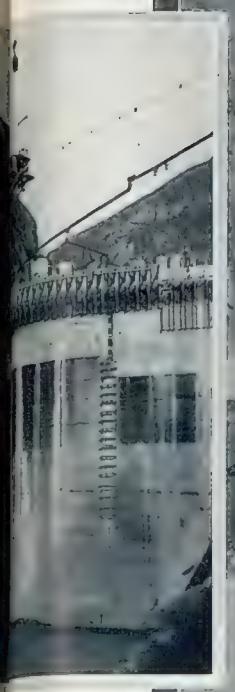


THE FUTURE STOREHOUSE OF ELECTRIC POWER: This view shows the dam wall from west to east—that on the extreme left from east to west. On right—CONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS: A scene near the old hospice. On the right are the buildings of the new hospice and the new works. The hillock in the centre is of ground granite to be used as concrete

road at the base, diminishing as it grows upwards—the height from the deepest part of the old river bed of the Aare to the summit being 114,50 m. The length of the dam wall is 248 m. The second dam wall, which leads from the eastern side of the Nollen to the Gelmer, has to sustain the task of preventing an overflow from the dam-lake of the future. It will be an imposing sight when the water mounts higher and higher, and bit by bit the familiar features of the landscape disappear until only the defiant Nollen stands out as a rocky island.

DEDICATED BY AN EX-PRESIDENT: The multiple-domed dam named after Mr. Coolidge, who christened it. It stretches across the Gila River, Arizona. The picture is taken upstream, showing the head of water kept in check by the "Coolidge Dam"

CHRIST and CAESAR

JAMES LAVER writes of the Infidel Emperor Frederick II and other literary matters of the week

ANTONY HAMILTON: The author of the "Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont," newly and excellently translated by Peter Quennell (Routledge)

What a sensation, one short generation ago, would have been caused by the appearance of this little book on *The Flood* by Harold Peake (Kegan Paul. 5s. net). *Then* Mr. Peake would have been regarded as engaged in a nefarious design of wrecking faith and undermining morality. A few years later he would have been looked upon as hopelessly conservative, for was not the Flood as mythical as the Siege of Troy? In this as in so many things we have arrived at a position midway between both extremes. There *was* a siege of Troy, although it may not have been caused by the bright eyes of Helen, and there was a Flood, although it inundated no more than a part of Mesopotamia. Anyone who wishes to clear his mind on the subject, and to learn of the latest discoveries at Ur, cannot do better than read Mr. Peake's admirable little monograph.

It is interesting to note that, although the belief in miracles has faded, the interest of the biblical narratives steadily increases. No biblical figure presents so many problems as the great central one, Jesus of Nazareth, and the last few days have seen the appearance of yet another life of Christ. Iwan Naschwin, the author of *A Certain Jesus* (Gollancz. 10s. 6d. net), is a disciple of Tolstoi, although the present work was undertaken in spite of the master's advice. Apart from the fact that he can never hope to rival the lyrical charm of Renan, the biographer of Jesus is in a very difficult position. For the completely orthodox the sacred narrative suffices. There is not much impulse to write a purely conventional life of Christ, and none at all to read it. The mere fact of taking up the pen implies an unorthodox attitude, and it is fairly easy to prophesy what the result will be—the life of Jesus of Nazareth who was not born of a virgin and did not rise from the dead; who fed five thousand—with words of hope; and stilled the waves—of anger and tumult in the breasts of his disciples.

THE INFIDEL EMPEROR: Frederick II of the Holy Roman Empire with falcon—from Paul Wiegler's notable book

KING ARTHUR OF GERMANY: Frederick Barbarossa, a plate in Wiegler's book published by Routledge

Naschwin's position is sufficiently indicated in the words of his preface: "I visit all houses of God with the same emotions, and joyfully recognize that the sacred fire of a Christian Church is the same fire that glowed on the altars of Mithra, of Dionysus, of Osiris, and Krishna . . . My God is the God of all gods. . . . My temple is the universe, and my creed is all contained in the single word, Kindness."

Alas, kindness is not enough. Clear thinking also is necessary if we are not to allow religion to dissolve into an amorphous Pantheism. "Just the art of being kind" is *not* "all this sad world needs," and Ella Wheeler Wilcox has not pronounced the final word in theological controversy. Even if we think that kindness was the sum total of all Jesus taught, we must still hold that his religion would have died with him if he had not somehow been (or become identified with) the Christ, the Propitiatory Sacrifice, the mystic Atonement, a symbol as well as a teacher, or—to put it more simply—a God as well as a man.

If Christianity had been propagated by kindness we in these islands would be pagan still, or more probably Muhammadans, for Islam has never dallied with the idea of conversion by kindness, and only the warlike prowess of Charles Martell prevented it from submerging Europe.

The attractive personal character of the Prophet is well brought out in a work translated from the French, *The Life of Mahomet*, by Emile Dermenghem (Routledge. 15s. net). The author has tried to steer a middle course between the traditionalists and the iconoclasts, and he has certainly succeeded in conjuring up a vivid picture of life in Arabia at the end of the sixth century. The Prophet, unlike the traditional Jesus, aimed at the reconstruction of society, and, in his own lands at least, he succeeded.

One of the strangest things about religion is that while it often seems hostile to culture, it usually ends by stimulating it. Christendom is perpetually unmindful of how much it owes to Islam, how much even of its own tradition would have been lost if the Arabs had not provided a channel for its transmission. At the Emperor Frederick II's Sicilian Court were many Muhammadan scholars. It was there that Aristotle was translated, not out of Greek but out of Arabic, and there that Arabic numerals and algebra were introduced to the West.

The astonishing career of Frederick himself is the subject of a work entitled *The Infidel Emperor*, by Paul Wiegler (Routledge. 15s. net). The book is excessively difficult to follow, for the author has chosen to reflect the confusion of the period rather than to attempt the disentanglement of some central thread. The main theme is, of course, the struggle between the Pope and the Emperor for the domination of Christendom. Had either won we might now be enjoying the benefits (or chafing under the tyranny) of a United States of Europe. The failure of both made the rise of Nationalism inevitable, but we may well doubt whether the secular state has, in all its wars, caused more misery than the struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline. It is the fashion to look upon the thirteenth century as the high-water mark of Christian civilization. It certainly reeks of blood. Religion seems dearly purchased at the cost of so much human anguish.

It was some such feeling as this, after the wars of the seventeenth century, which made the men of the Restoration so desperately frivolous. A new translation (by Peter Quennell) of the *Memoirs of the Comte de Gramont* (Routledge. 15s. net) presents once more the familiar picture of the Court of Charles II. It is the *reductio ad absurdam* of the pursuit of pleasure. In spite of Hamilton's wit, in spite of certain unforgettable vignettes, including that of the good-natured Charles himself, how tedious are those eternal liaisons, as closely resembling one another as those Lely beauties in the Long Gallery at Hampton Court, who were their *raisons d'être*. It is sad that mankind, having put off fanaticism, must spend his time in the infinite triviality of lust. Yet how well Hamilton writes! His characters have an extraordinary vitality, and I never pass the corner of St. James's Palace without thinking of the dissolute Pettigrew emerging from the shadows, and of the three sword-blades that suddenly flashed before his eyes through the pierced sides of his sedan chair.

The Court is not the people, and those who wish for a foil to Hamilton's bright picture should consult *London Life in the Eighteenth Century*, by M. Dorothy George (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d. net). It is not an easy book, but it is packed with matter on such subjects as Bills of Mortality and the Waste of Life, the growth of slums and residential districts, Jew-baiting in London in the age of Anne, parish children and poor apprentices, prostitution and the prevention of crime, all the history, in fact, which the history books leave out. London was a riotous place in the eighteenth century, and the battles of the apprentices sometimes ended fatally. Dangerous times for honest men at night, but perhaps an improvement on the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines!

Towards the end of the century men began to dream of human perfectibility. We still dream of the same thing but, typically enough, in terms of rejuvenation and the prolonging of life. A recent novel turns this idea upside down very cleverly. *Here is Thy Victory*, by Iris Barry (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. net), is not written in any fanciful vein. Like Mr. H. G. Wells, Miss Barry paints a very ordinary world in which one miracle happens. The method has the merit of carrying conviction, and we share the amazement of the village registrar when no deaths happen for a week. Soon the papers are proclaiming the news that Death is dead, and there is a burst of rejoicing, which soon gives place to a growing horror. The burden of keeping the old becomes intolerable. There are murders of parents, and influential papers urge a general massacre. Insurance companies are ruined and the credit of the Government shaken. The end of the book is excellent. A nightmare Armistice Day ending in bloodshed. At length in the sky appears an aeroplane writing in white smoke the blessed news of death. Whose death it is must be left for the reader to find out for himself. Miss Barry is to be congratulated on an original and moving story.

briefly commended

Not So Quiet, by *Helena Zenna Smith.* **(Marriott. 5s. net.)**—The language of Smithfield, the feminine version of "All Quiet," the gaiety and the courage of Britain—oh what a fluttering in the dovecotes of the older generation if they believe this picture of woman ambulance drivers at the front! But it ranks with the most vivid novels of the War.

Tents of Shem, by *Grace Jones Morgan.* **(Sampson Low. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Well-drawn character; good descriptions; refinedly strong passion; somewhat flamboyant love. A nasty habit of the vocative, *à la* Curzon and his servants.

Good Sir John, by *Phœbe Fenwick Gaye.* **(Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Clever—very clever—on the popular plan of modernized history. One wonders what Shakespeare would have thought of this treatment of his fat knight, Falstaff.

The Lady Jean, by *Frank Dilnot.* **(Brentano's. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Excellently in the period; Villiers and Charles I play, more or less villain and hero, and the plot, though conventional, is well-treated.

None so Pretty, by *Margaret Irwin.* **(Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)**—Adjudged by R. H. Mottram, E. M. Forster, and Professor Gordon, the winner of a historical novel competition. The period, Caroline; the *motif—mariage blanc* and *affaire rose.*

Lord Carnock: A Story in the Old Diplomacy, by *Harold Nicholson.* **(Constable. 21s. net.)**—The biographer of Byron, Tennyson, and Verlaine, on the subject of his own father. Happy son to have such a father; happy father to have had such a son.

Toes Up, by *Paolo Monelli, translated by Orlo Williams.* **(Duckworth. 10s. 6d. net.)**—A chronicle of gay and doleful adventures of Alpini, mules and wine—in other words, the Odyssey and Iliad of the toughest of Italian regiments. Wren could not have written it better. The translation is excellent.

Hammersmith Hoy, by *Nigel Playfair.* **(Faber and Faber. 21s. net.)**—The man who has created the English equivalent of the Comédie Francaise with his autobiography. Harrow, Oxford, the Bar, the stage, pre-eminently the Lyric. Joyous and amusing, and oh so far from pompous.

Still in its Winter Sleep

But Preparing in Oberammergau for this Year's Passion Play

THE NEW CHRISTUS: Herr Alois Lang, who will portray "The Man of Sorrows" in the forthcoming Passion Play at Oberammergau

THE FORMER CHRISTUS: Herr Anton Lang, who played the Saviour for many years, transacts his business

THE THEATRE OF THE PASSION PLAY: The exterior of Oberammergau's playhouse with its present setting of snow

"THE DISCIPLE JESUS LOVED": Herr Hans Lang, who plays John, at his work. He is a skilful carver of wood

CONTRAST: Fräulein Annie Kuelz, who plays Mary, with a Bavarian modern girl

The preparations for the Passion Play proceed apace, but as yet the actors in the village of Oberammergau are carrying on with their usual pursuits—carving, sculpting, buying and selling. The first performance is in May

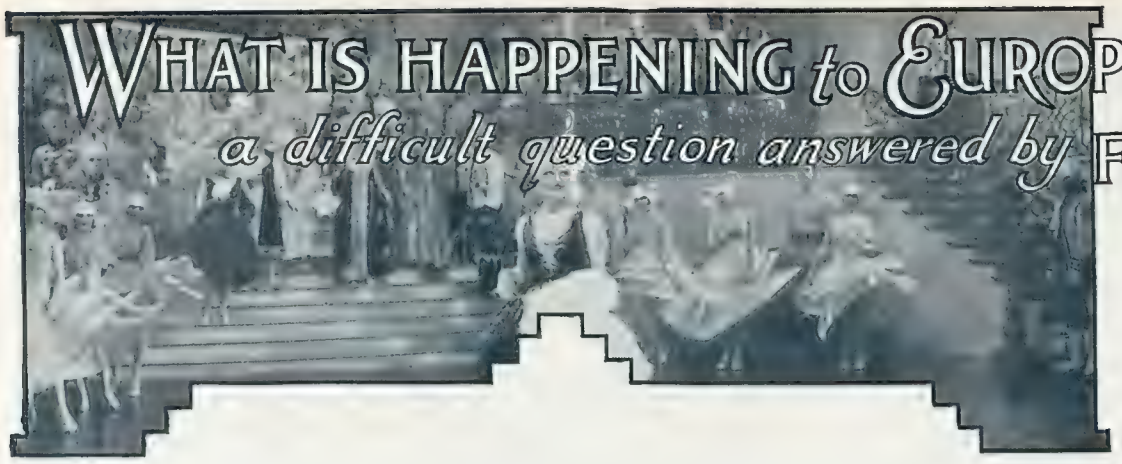
MARY MAGDALENE: Fraulein Hansi Preisinger, the postmaster's daughter

TRIED IN TWO RÔLES: Unsuccessful as the Virgin, Fraulein Hansi Preisinger has been cast for the part of the Magdalene

JUDAS: Herr Guido Mayer, who enacts the terrific rôle of the Traitor among the Twelve, seen above in private life with his favourite pet, a kitten

WHAT IS HAPPENING to EUROPE'S NIGHT LIFE?

a difficult question answered by FERDINAND TUOHY



Paris is finished; Brussels half prohibition, save underground; Rome a city of the earnest—but Vienna keeps the old light burning, and Berlin is an American inferno

I got tired of night life several years ago—people do—yet as an interpreter of current phenomena its continued contemplation must perforce remain in the professional repertory. In this detached spirit I have latterly been contemplating the night life of several cities of very differing texture—London, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Munich, Nice, among others—and a conclusion has been arrived at.

A Paris friend, who recently perpetrated yet another work on that grossly over-written din-box, observed at the start that something strange and disturbing was happening to Paris, but that no one quite knew what. Though it doesn't disturb me in the least, something strange is also happening to European night life. I believe that from varying converging forces it is quietly snuffing out, at any rate in the form that we have hitherto known it. But you shall be judges of that for yourselves; just on with your mantles for *Europe la Nuit*, 1930.

Paris. Compared with what it was in the days of natural gaiety long ago; compared with the insensate frolic of the post-War years; compared even with two or three years ago, the night life of La Ville Lumière has as good as ceased to exist. But for the franc-gorged and ever more Americanised French at last themselves trotting forth and shaking a leg, it must peg out entirely. (Perhaps they are making the effort to support home industries.) A visit up the famous hill is not now recommended to any save those deliberately in search of moodiness, or pathologically cultivating a sense of the past. One or two flash places survive brightly, and at Chicagoan cost—notably about the Guitry-Rothschild headquarters, Pigalle-way—but the majority are either closed down or are giving a nightly representation of one waiter and one saxophonist per client.

"Montmartre est mort, vive Montparnasse!" one hears from the exploiters. Don't you believe it. The Mount of Parnasse—that once glorious preserve of dalliance (even until 1921)—is thoroughly in Queer Street, and the reason does not elude. Our benefactors the exploiters (for every one of whom a handsome gibbet) decreed for Montparnasse that it become an American "Mommarte"; and this was encompassed so violently as to drive most pre-natal Parnassians into the surrounding country, leaving the place a noisy, vulgar, characterless stamping ground (ah, but the dollars came rolling in!).

Yes, for a time; but Americans notoriously tire quickly once the kick of novelty has departed. Moreover, there set in in America a pronounced anti-French wave, based on French overcharging and unmistakable dislike (a mild word) of Americans. Also there was a general satiety with the French scene. Finally, the Wall Street crash. It was this that put any remaining lid that was necessary on night life in Montparnasse. Why, even those diehards of the dawn, the U.S. remittance boys and girls, are now having to pack their grips, owing to Pop being in the necessity of diverting all spare cash broker-wards.

So to-day Montparnasse is "not doing business." Well patronized as may appear its new style haunts, such patrons are the unspending ones. There it stands, tarnished for ever by the brush of Broadway, and not doing business.

It was only to be expected that Paris should show the most spectacular decline in night life. For years after Armistice it was freak riot by the Seine—utterly abnormal. To meet the madness of the hour, "Night-boxes" were rushed up jammed one against the other. Many of these were built solely to be sold and for their creators to clear out with the swag. But many proprietors again pitched into things as if all times were going to continue Armistice times. This is a way with such people; and I have long thought that all animators, developers, exploiters, and syndicates, should employ intelligence officers in order that they should be imbued with some of that commodity in the reading of the morrow. The very glut of idle, spectral halls in Paris to-day fatally accents what has happened. Too much was provided; the thing thrown at you—quite in the modern style, measure being now *démodé*. Firstly, the War roysterers went home either because they were sick of it, or nerves gone, or broke, or merely because they had to. Next, their successors of the inflation period grew progressively tired of the noise and the glare and the blare and the begging and the foul champagne at 250 francs a bottle, and they also proceeded to go home. Now they are nearly all home, the queer young things of to-day apparently preferring other things to public excess, though just what, is not quite clear or is being kept dark.

Epitaph: Paris lost her sceptre as Queen of the Night through failing to remain herself, through seeking to foist upon Europeans the vegetation of another Continent.

Not a pop was heard
But a funeral note.

Brussels, which used to pride herself as "the little Paris," has ceased to dazzle after dark (save luminously) because she labours under a curious form of Prohibition. Your Belgian may absorb as much beer as he chooses, and he does, but he may not consume spirits in any form in public, and this tends to spread a certain heaviness abroad. He can buy spirits for home use; he must buy two litres at a time (the notion being that this amount will cause him to think twice about purchasing any at all), but should he seek to emulate others and sally forth with it on the hip, then as likely as not he will collide with the Smell Squad. This police branch bursts into cabarets and brasseries and bars and smells glasses, and the law decrees a ten times heavier punishment for the proprietor than for the client. Particularly does the Smell Squad burst in upon dozens of "private clubs" which are camouflaged dram and gaming dens. The Belgian law is that of Socialist Vandervelde. I wish him well of it. More "drunks" are on view in Brussels than anywhere I have been to. But to return to night life.

But a pale ghost of this, as it once existed off the Boulevard Anspach, survives. The famous Merry Grill is now a ten o'clock *théâtre intime*. Next door there is the fashionable "La Marée," but it was obvious that in general the erstwhile "Petit Paris" of Leopold's gay day and even of the immediate post-War years is now reduced to dismal and unclean caves of pleasure.

No, we have to go *piano*. Writing hardly above a whisper, in Rome there are one or two places off the Corso where, if you are extraordinarily well behaved, and have never even *thought* anything against the regime, you may twirl sedately to non-American music until 2 a.m. (the Duce hates anything American). But look not on the Est, Est, Est, when it is amber; nor enjoy life too obviously in the City of the Cæsars now. Work, order, discipline. No time for fooling round, for tripping the light fantastic. Frowned upon. Up in the morning early instead, and see the Duce cantering on the Pincio. In Rome now all is darkness and composure soon after eleven in order that everybody may be up betimes to turn day into deafening Bedlam, ruining the city. The last gay resort, the Apollo, was closed down ostensibly as unsafe after four girl "artistes" had been burned there. Almost the only remaining night life now consists of terribly expensive hotel affairs. About these the Duce is his usual concise self: "They can do what they like in their hotel suites."

Vienna I found charmingly doing its best, as ever, and it was really the only place I happened upon which preserved anything of the old post-midnight *joie-de-vivre*. This was one of the blessings of being beaten in the War. Having no funds, the Viennese have been unable to construct garishly à l'Américaine for cosmopolitan night-life. Their haunts remain the same as of old and they still thrill to "Gypsy Love" and to Johann. In one place, Di Paulus, the frolic went on until 4 a.m., and all on Viertels of Grinsing oft-repeated. . . . Wolf beim Hopfner. Nachtfalter. Sacher Bar. (Shades of the Hapsburgs!) Westminster. Orpheus. Mariahilfer. Flotten-Café. Gisela. Unsoweiter. No one flings his *schillinge* about save crude or uninstructed tourists. The Viennese have nothing, or next to it, yet they manage to carry on. There is much that is sad and pathetic in this capital that has fallen into decay. But something fine also. And how lovely, too, to saunter in a city that can't afford to flood you with honking motors, can't afford even to "tear down" a solitary house! More blessings of being beaten. And there should be others.

To those who wish a last touch of a world that was, I say: "Go to Vienna. But go quickly." The day I left Americans had arrived to organize an initial loan. And you know what that means.

Munich, like most art capitals, is a delightful city, especially during

***"Les Deux Petits Verres"**—A cynical yet tender treatment of "night life," by E. Blampied*

(Continued on p. 570)

THE SPHERE surveys the WORLD

THE TRAIL OF THE FLOOD: The severe inundations which have visited the South of France have surpassed any previous overflow. The height to which the water rose is plainly seen by the darkened section of the walls of the houses in this village; the Bordeaux district has recently had its particular share of inundation

FRANCE HONOURS IRELAND'S SAINT: The Franco-Irish banquet on St. Patrick's Day in Paris. General Mariaux, Lord Ashbourne, and Mr. John G. Hopper are seen above. Ireland's patron saint was, by birth, French

HIGH-WATER MARK: A piece of wreckage washed on to a tree in the Tarn Valley after the recent disastrous floods

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS IN EGYPT: King Albert and Queen Elizabeth arrive in Alexandria on their visit to the land of the Pharaohs. The Queen is using a fan as a parasol. Their Majesties have been conducting a grand tour of the glories of the ancient civilization

A KING AS A TOURIST: King Boris of Bulgaria with his guide while on a climbing tour in the Balkans. Like many modern royalties, King Boris is an ardent sportsman

A DUAL ANNIVERSARY: Examples of National Embroidery exhibited in Prague during the festivities on the joint celebration of President Masaryk's eightieth birthday and tenth year in office

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS—IV

The Bond of Affection Between

Disraeli and the Great Queen

By Amabel Williams-Ellis

"I live," wrote Disraeli to Lady Bradford, "for power and the affections." He was seventy when he wrote, and he had led a life as strange as it was consistent. Even the fall of the phrase is typical. In sound as well as in sense, it bears the hall-mark of this great alien who made a new music with the English tongue. One day, years before, Disraeli had looked round him in the House of Commons. "We come here for fame," he said. The phrase has an end like the clap of hands. That perhaps is the key of his knack of phrase, the sharp epigrammatic close that fits satire or cynicism. We catch it again in the written word:

"Say what you like," said Egremont, "Our Queen reigns over the greatest nation that ever existed." "Which nation?" said the stranger, "for she rules over two." The theme is sharply stated in these opening bars. But Disraeli can enlarge his theme and play variations on it and still keep its form. "Two nations," the stranger continued, "between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy, who are ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets, who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." "You speak of . . .?" said Egremont hesitatingly. "The RICH and the POOR."

Sharp as a dancing master Disraeli twice brings his palms together. The English leave sentences hanging on the air, do they? The English language is fitter to convey an atmosphere or a qualification than a direct statement? We shall see! Perhaps in other hands it can be used to a different purpose.

England was perhaps never so English as in the nineteenth century. Each variety of the English character came to its fullest expression in that epoch. Darwin, Huxley, Ruskin, Browning, Lord John Russell, Cobden, Matthew Arnold, and two or three dozen more of the great Victorians carried their various characteristics to the furthest extreme. They remain the archetypal English—creatures with an indefinable twist that marks them for ever "British Made."

Young Disraeli, fresh from being bullied at school, looked out at that world, and at fifteen he determined to occupy the highest place in it. He toyed for a little while with the rôle of a Byron, but before he was twenty he decided that he would probably always want to act in his own romances. Therefore, though he would certainly write, that would be secondary. He would be a man of action and would enter politics. He set out quite calmly and consciously to rule this English world at which he had looked out as a tormented schoolboy.

"Power and the affections." How in such a programme was the second goal to be sought? Simple enough. This English world was a world of vigorous action where, as Matthew Arnold said, "directly anybody has half an idea they rush out into the street to put it in practice." But within this Western world, this male world, there existed another set of beings.

Disraeli was cut off for years from the world of politics and the solace of action because he was a Jew. His friends, the people upon whom he spent his affection, were cut off from it by another accident of birth—they were women. They could not get office or have careers, they were destined to be onlookers. Disraeli lived and understood women. Like the great ladies whose society he affected he had had to stand aloof: like them he had watched the mad whirl of action, standing so close that the spray wetted his face, and yet debarred from playing a part. Like them, he was cut off, driven to the rôle of spectator and critic.

Disraeli had no men friends. "As a rule, except upon business, male society is not to my taste," he wrote. But he had a genius for friendship with women. It seems that he was seldom passionate; the gamut of his feeling for women ran somewhere between romantic, almost highfalutin love, and a tender, clear-eyed and sometimes even faintly hostile friendship. He did not, he says for instance, like hard women, yet he could appreciate and even praise them. Indeed, he was in the best sense a connoisseur of women, knowing them far better than would have been possible for any rake. "I require sympathy, but male sympathy does not suit me, and I am fastidious as to the other sex."

To understanding and liking such as Disraeli's, women will always respond. His feeling for them was unquestionably genuine, but to have assumed such a feeling would have been his most astute move as a careerist. Disraeli was made by women. Willing or reluctant, there was scarcely ever a woman who did not in the end fall under his spell. There was old Lady Cork, who made him the fashion; there was Mary Anne, the woman he married, who cared tenderly for him for thirty years. It was a woman who got his first novel published, and finally it was a woman who made him the most powerful Minister in Europe.

Disraeli was unfortunate in many of the circumstances of his life, but, as he himself noted, was most fortunate in having "a female sovereign." "I owe everything to woman, and if in the sunset of life I have still a young heart, it is due to that influence."

Victoria had been for a long time a widow when Disraeli became for the first time the Prime Minister. The Court had become more and more formal, the Queen more and more retired and isolated. She took no pleasure herself and assuredly gave none to those about her. Now before Lord Derby's resignation Disraeli had for long—as leader of the House of Commons—had the duty of writing to the Queen every evening. "He writes very curious reports, very much in the style of his novels," she informed a correspondent. Add to this that he had convinced her that he was one of the few who really understood Albert and all he stood for, but subtract from it the fact that Albert had doubted his being a gentleman. However, he had not long been Prime Minister and had not long had to see Victoria constantly in private audiences before his "very curious" methods had completely captivated the Queen.

Other people only too certainly saw her as elderly, stern, and fat. Mr. Gladstone saw her as an incarnate institution, and notoriously talked to her as if she were a public meeting. But, glassed in Mr. Disraeli's eyes, Victoria saw a figure for long unfamiliar. The Queen suddenly re-discovered herself as a woman, even as a clever woman, even as a charming woman. She was apparently worth amusing. He was not afraid of her. He struck the note in one of his first communications. The Prime Minister had to inform the Queen that a new Chancellor of the Exchequer had been found in Mr. Ward Hunt:

> "Mr. Disraeli ought to observe to Her Majesty that Mr. Ward Hunt's appearance is rather remarkable, but anything but displeasing. He is more than six feet four inches in stature, but doesn't look so tall from his proportionate breadth; like St. Peter's at Rome, no one is at first aware of his dimensions. But he has the sagacity of the elephant, as well as its form."

It was years since anyone had taken pains to make poor Victoria laugh. But, alas, Disraeli's first Ministry only lasted nine months, and then she was back with Mr. Gladstone, his conscience, his solemn respect, his cold green eye, and his explanations that were more confusing than the Bills they set out to explain. She hated Gladstone and pined for that excellent Mr. Disraeli, who made her feel so powerful and so brilliant.

Then, once more, the political tide turned; Gladstone's feet trod the Windsor corridors no more. Victoria welcomed Disraeli as a saviour, and for six years these two old friends governed England. Victoria expanded under Disraeli's management. She had secretly always liked such men. As a girl she had been Melbourne's pupil, and later as a young woman she had turned half envious eyes on the Court of France, where another dark-eyed enchanter reigned—an enchanter who flattered her by remembering her little dog in particular, and in general that she was woman.

Times change, of course. When Victoria fell under Disraeli's sway she had probably seen too much of the world to be taken in by Napoleon III. His mustachios and romantic demeanour had charmed her when she was still quite a young woman. He would possibly have seemed to her stupid now. But Disraeli? After all, could she or anybody else see through Disraeli? Even Bismarck, who was not a woman and did not love him, admitted "the old Jew" to be his intellectual equal. Intellectually there was, in fact, no deception. Disraeli was the brilliant creature he pretended to be. But perhaps it may be suggested Victoria might at least have seen through his flatteries. She must have known that really she was old and fat, that she was not, in fact, the "Faery" of his letters and protestations; she must have known that when he laid his flattery on "with a trowel" (to use his own phrase) it was generally in order to get his own way. He told her repeatedly that in all he did he was solely actuated by a wish to please her. She must have known that this was a lie. Indeed, she must have had enough sense of responsibility to realize that if it were not a lie then he was the most despicable of men. She cannot really have desired that the affairs of the British Empire should be governed to her sole advantage.

And yet, once again, was there even here anything that it was particularly clever to see through? Her "Primo's" flattery of the Queen was like the best plate-glass. It was thick, but it was also transparent. Disraeli was dazzled by the thought of her office and official attributes. He did find her interesting and amusing to talk to, and he unquestionably came to be very fond of her.

How should he not? He could manage her when everyone else failed. She was like silk to him and like bombazine to the rest of the world. She had been misunderstood. She wanted a confidant; she found one.

THE MAN WHO LIVED FOR POWER AND THE AFFECTIONS: Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield

Once or twice during Disraeli's tenure of office the Queen went abroad. Disraeli used to take the opportunity of seeing something of the Prince of Wales, even going to stay at Sandringham; for when she was at home his "Sovereign Lady" did not at all approve of his seeing other royalties.

> "Did I tell you," he writes to Lady Bradford in 1879, "I had from the Queen at Baveno a letter fourteen pages long, very closely written, the history of everything that has happened since our separation.

Sometimes when, as on this occasion, they had been separated for a while, she would receive him in audience with such delight that he would think for a moment that she was going to embrace him. She would be so full of smiles that she would look young again and almost pretty.

"She twittered and glided about the room like a bird," he writes of her.

He was very lonely during this last period of his greatness. His beloved sister was dead, his wife was dead, Lady Bradford, for whom he had the famous romantic attachment, was either cold or circumstanced as she was, found his devotion an embarrassment. His successes had come to him when he was ill and old. He had acted his drama, had played the lead, and had played it to the very end just as he had planned when he was a boy. But alas, it had taken so long that the best of the audience had gone home.

This was a last triumph, this devotion on the part of the Queen of these English. But the strange part of this final phase was that, like so many of the symbols in Disraeli's life, Victoria came to play a double rôle. They worked together for so long, and their interests were so closely identified that, in time, she became for him a colleague quite as much as a tool or a prize.

Their contemporaries disapproved and even laughed. It made no difference. They had lived too long to heed contempt. Only Disraeli's death ended the strange friendship.

Russell and Sons

A RE-AWAKENED QUEEN: Her literal, determined mind, even her lack of imagination, were props to him. She had vitality and he was tired. He had romance and glamour, and she was half petrified. She was an able woman within her limitations, and had had even more experience of men and affairs than he had

NO LONGER The PRISONER of the VATICAN.

A Birthday Portrait

31 : 3 : 1857—31 : 3 : 1930

His Holiness Pope Pius XI will go down to history linked with such Popes as Gregory and Hildebrand, for during his tenure of the exalted office the Roman Question, which was to the State of Italy what the Great Schism was to the Church, achieved its answer, and the Prisoner of the Vatican cast aside his self-imposed bonds to take again his place as a Temporal as well as a Spiritual Sovereign. Greater even than his activities in the realm of quasi-private behaviour or even in the internal politics of Italy, where the influence of Cardinal Gaspari was jointly felt with his, the Pope's clarion call to Christendom, resolutely to set its face against the atheistical campaign of Russia, has shown Pius XI to be a worthy successor to those titanic figures of the past who were the sole influence for unity in Europe, and who, when Christianity was menaced by infidel hordes, "called the Kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross."

FASHION

Striking Modes

THE WATERFALL: *A distinguished evening gown featuring the popular "short-in-front-long-in-the-back" design*

FEATURING THE UNEVEN HEM: *A chic coat in brown figured blanket cloth, worn with a large silk bow*

THE DAISY FIELD: *Fetching pyjamas in navy blue, white, and yellow—posed by Miss Jean Arthur, the film star*

for the SPRING.

r the Well-dressed Woman

PRINTED FLAT CHIFFON: *A smart evening gown with a jacket of the same material as the frock and a belt of black velvet*

REDOLENT OF DAYS GONE BY: *A charming formal afternoon gown in black georgette with wide sleeves*

A KIMONO DE LUXE: *A smart negligee worn effectively with sandals of unusual form*

and

She always smokes CRAVEN "A", the cool, carefully made, cork-tipped Virginia cigarette that never varies, and does not affect the throat.

The ATLANTIC FLEET *manœuvres in the* MEDITERRANEAN

TWO GIANTS OF THE NAVY IN CLOSE PROXIMITY—H.M.S. "RODNEY" ON RIGHT

Above, on left—H.M.S. "Nelson" with H.M.S. "Rodney" steaming alongside in close proximity. *On right*—the wakes of the two vessels can be seen converging. Officers' hockey is being played on the "Nelson's" deck

The Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets have held their joint exercises under conditions of the most rigid economy. Half-speed is the fastest at which the ships were allowed to travel, while the only ammunition used was the rays of searchlights. Umpires assessed the "damage" inflicted. During the action the leaders—Sir Frederick Field and Sir Alfred Chatfield in the "Nelson"—were considered to have been killed, so that the action was fought by their seconds-in-command—Vice-Admiral Kelly and Rear-Admiral the Hon. R. A. R. Plunkett-Ernle-Erle-Drax

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

THE SPIRES OF A LOST ATLANTIS: Santiago Island, in the Cape Verde Islands, believed to be the extremity of the Sunken Continent

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

GERMANY'S G.O.M.—Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, aged eighty-three, President of the German Republic, was like a Rock of Gibraltar in the midst and above the turbulent roaring sea of German partisan politics, when the other day he signed the Young Plan which settles the Reparation problem of ten years uncertainty.

As in the most crucial moment on the German side in the War, in the bitterest hour of defeat, disaster, desertion by Kaiser, revolution, Socialism, Hindenburg was unshakable in his conception of duty to country and people—so now, in the intensely bitter political strife that is rending Germany, he was immovable from what he considered to be his duty and the best interests of the German people in a choice of the least of two evils.

How must he, chief of the defeated German armies, have felt as he approved with his pen the staggering, unprecedented burden of £6,000,000,000 on the German people.

Again he showed himself to be one of the greatest characters in the Europe of to-day. There are signs that his last days may be full of bitter disillusionment. That too often is the fate of great men. Hated by the Communists, respected, honoured, but not loved by the Socialists and Democrats, the Nationalist parties turning away from him, he may feel the sting of ingratitude.

Hindenburg has made mistakes. That is human. His greatest perhaps, when in December 1916 he did not throw his influence against the renewal of the ruthless submarine warfare. After the German Government accepted the Young Plan at The Hague and the Reichstag ratified it, there was no choice for the Field-Marshal President. It was for him to sign or re-sign.

If the future shows that the Young Plan is a mistake it will not be Hindenburg's mistake. It will be the mistake of those parties in the German Government and the Reichstag that accepted it.

BEAU GESTE.—Romance and adventure undergo transformation with every age, steadily being more and more circumscribed, as modern civilization with its cinemas, radios, gramophones, penetrates the remote corners of the earth.

Gone is the age of the Vikings, the days of the knights of chivalry, of the Red Indians, of the pirates of the Mediterranean and Caribbean, of the great explorers, tales and romances about whom thrilled and inspired youth, fascinated old age indulging in dreams of youthful strength and courage.

Came the era of modern detectives and melodramatic Secret Service, less noble, devoid of much honour and high principles as a basis for real and vicarious adventure. Wholesale killing by "mechanized warfare" has stripped war of nearly all chivalrous and romantic trappings. Efforts, more or less successful, have injected an aspect of romance into the vast commercial undertakings of to-day, created a hybrid romanticised commercialism to which modern boyhood and young manhood have been rather slow to respond in heart.

Then aviation burst upon the horizon with romance as colourful, as adventurous as the days of chivalry. Now another anchor of romantic adventure, background of thrilling books, is dragging and threatening to disappear—the glamorous French Foreign Legion.

Wireless, hundreds of miles of motor roads into the heart of the Sahara, scores of big autobuses running half-way to Timbuctoo, as I had occasion to see from personal observation a few weeks ago, are ruthlessly tearing the veil from alluring mysteries, making the Sahara as safe as London, and relegating the hard, sun-scorched Foreign Legion to the humdrum life of garrison duty. Only a few "dissident" tribes in their mountain fastnesses in Southern Morocco are holding out against the French. The mysterious Hoggar with the veiled Tuaregs on fleet white camels promises to become a tourist resort at no distant date.

Against this glamorous North African background, the final chapter of one of the most picturesque careers of Foreign Legion romance, spectacular escapes, and adventure under the broiling African sun and mountain cold, ending in life-long tragedy, was written these days, when Joseph Klemm, German soldier of fortune, was delivered at France's dread penal colony off the Guiana coast by the French convict ship *Martinière*. Not even the fiction of Major Wrenn's *Beau Geste* and other novels of life in the Foreign Legion surpasses in interest the actual experiences of this man—deserter from the German Army in Metz in 1913, eight years fighting, adventure, privations, brave deeds in the Legion. Deserter again to the Riffs, Abd-el-Krim's chief of staff in the long war of Riff resistance against the Spanish and French in Morocco, finally capture, death sentence by court-martial, commuted to life imprisonment in the "Living Hell" by the President of France, on a mother's plea.

CAKES OF ICE FROM THE SKY.—Through the long World War, Klemm remained loyal to his oath to the Legion—to France. Bravery and intelligence advanced this German to the rank of sergeant, more difficult to attain in the Legion than to become colonel in many another army. Then, in 1922, Klemm was degraded, he claims unjustly and humiliatingly. He rebelled. Slipped away in the night, pursued, tracked, but escaped through the Riff lines to Abd-el-Krim. The suspicious Moorish chieftain believed that Klemm's desertion was but a ruse to spy, although the Riffians were then at war only with the Spanish, later with the French. Klemm's persuasive pleadings, his appeal to the Oriental instinct of crude chivalry in Abd-el-Krim gained him a chance for life. Under closest guard at first, Klemm's directed raid after raid on the line of Spanish block-house forts, cutting them off from food and water until some of the garrisons perished. A few were relieved with cakes of ice dropped from Spanish aeroplanes.

The Legionary genius was recognised, his loyalty no longer doubted by Abd-el-Krim. Within two years, then aged thirty-three, Klemm had become chief of operations, Foreign Minister, propaganda Press chief. He organised and trained the Riff artillery. I was standing by the side of Primo de Rivera in Tetuan when Spanish artillery was trying to dislodge some Riff guns firing into that town. Klemm mapped the country, wrote appeals to the Germans in the Legion, which is more than 50 per cent. German, to desert and join him. He organised the smuggling of arms and munitions into the Riff mountains.

Finally France joined Spain in the war. Even America, in the form of a portion of the escadrille Lafayette, allied against the poor Riffians. Aeroplane squadrons threw bombs, destroyed villages, killed women and children, burned crops. The Riffians had nothing to oppose that sort of "civilized" warfare.

Abd-el-Krimm had to surrender to save his people. He was exiled to Madagascar where he now lives. Klemm had turned Moslem, had several wives given him by Abd-el-Krim. He fled into the mountains, fell into a trap, was captured, tried, condemned. To-day he toils in the "Living Hell," probably one of the last of the great Legionary adventurers.

AMBASSADOR AND ATLANTIS.—Studies and research connected with the lost continent of Atlantis which legend claims disappeared with its marvellous civilisation beneath the waters of the Atlantic before the dawn of known history, is one of the interesting hobbies of General Charles G. Dawes, the American Ambassador to London. He defends his belief in the one-time existence of this prehistoric world with the same fervency with which he advocates the reduction of the British Navy "down to" parity with the American fleet or fleets.

The American banker-diplomat has read every book, treatise, or reference to the legendary Atlantis, from Plato's hearsay description to the latest work of research of the present day. Aside from his keen personal interest in the fascinating subject of the antediluvian world on the floor of the Atlantic, and of which the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape Verdes are supposedly the "mountain spires," General Dawes encourages research with financial contributions to such research. This, I hear, has resulted in some interesting discoveries, supporting the theory that the "lost continent" did exist in the mines of the Rio Tinto Basin. The West Indies in the Caribbean Sea is believed to be the western end of the continent.

Among the theories advanced is that the Sahara desert, until then the bottom of an ocean, dates from the cataclysm which swallowed up Atlantis.

New discoveries among the jungle-covered temple ruins in Yucatan recently tend strongly to show a connection between the ancient Egyptian and the Maya civilisation of that day. At the instance of General Dawes, Professor Charles U. Clark of Yale University is to go through the Vatican archives in Rome for possible traces of the ancient races in the reports of the first Catholic missionaries in Central America.

The American Ambassador also takes an enthusiastic interest in the archæological excavations at Ur of Chaldea. But the one-time Utopian world, stretching westward from the Pillars of Hercules, now Gibraltar, as Plato relates, in which men had reached the knowledge, wisdom, and power of semi-gods, but forgot God, holds more romantic appeal for him.

SYMPTOMATIC OF MODERNITY IN CHINA: *On the left*—Miss Grace Chiang, the film star, who resents her race being invariably cast as villains; and *On the right*—Young Chinese of to-day in an obviously occidental room, play the ancient game of Mah-Jong with modern "tiles"

THE YELLOW PERIL.—How much longer will the actors of modern Nationalist China agree to be relegated almost exclusively to the traditional rôle of sinister yellow villain in western film and drama?

That is what Miss Grace Chiang, Chinese movie actress starring in Europe, asked Nieu Sou-ling, her screen partner, who has appeared as the "Yellow Peril" personified in more than forty films.

Nieu Sou-ling volunteered himself as a pioneer by creating the almost unprecedented rôle of hero-lover in a straightforward love-story. But as Miss Chiang explained to a friend, "It was not at all easy for him to play the 'good man' when in all his previous films he had to look very cunning, never smile, and act like the traditional mysterious villain. Now he has to smile, behave quite frankly and in a natural manner. Why should the Chinaman always be shown as the bad man when he makes his appearance on the screen in Europe and America. It is not fair." And 500,000,000 Chinese in China echo "not fair—not much longer."

MR. COCHRAN'S REVUE Comes to TOWN

and Other Entertainment Notes of the Week from Several Capitals

MISS MAISIE GAY IN HEAVEN: One is taken back in stages to a land of pure white in a daring finale at the Pavilion

VISIONS OF WHAT MAY BE: These two glistening figures have shaven heads and have taken to the pipe—at the Pavilion

ONE OF MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES: In a wonderful fantasy of fashions of the past the 1930 Revue, with the aid of Miss Doris Zinkeisen and Mr. Oliver Messel, produces some living pictures of rare artistry

A FAMOUS GERMAN ACTRESS: Sybille Binder, a shining star of the German stage is here seen in a clever camera study by Trude Fleischmann of Vienna

A FILM FAVOURITE IN A NEW POSE: Gloria Swanson has been busily engaged in a new United Artists' picture under the direction of Allen Dwan; Paul Nelson, a Paris designer, has made the stage settings

A LONDON DISCOVERY: Miss Frances Day, the American actress, who has recently returned from a successful spell of film work at Hollywood, is making a remarkable impression on London audiences at the Splendide in Piccadilly where she is revealing acting and singing powers of a very high order

LEG-OF-MUTTON SLEEVES AND ALL: One of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies in his "1930 Revue" which will be running at the Pavilion when these lines are in print. Nikitina and Lifar alone should make the choreographic part of the programme a notable one

The Sphere of Travel

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TO THE ORIENT.

By CLIVE HOLLAND

A CARAVANSERAI OF ALGIERS: The garden front of the Hôtel d'Algerie, the newest "Transat." hotel, up which bougainvilleas climb in purple splendour

IN THE OLD ALGIERS: The road leading from the city proper to the Kasbah, *the ancient fortress palace of the* Deys *of Algiers*

Few people apparently realize that in London they are within forty-eight hours of the Orient. That is to say, within two days' journey of almost perpetual sunshine, even in winter; of orange groves, palms; a sunlight that is a brilliant contrast to shadows dark as indigo; mysterious courtyards in which grow oleanders and tropical shrubs and fountains plash; while one is surrounded by a life so truly different from that of Western peoples that a complete and marvellously interesting and complete change of environment is made possible.

One runs down to Dover, crosses the Channel, reaches Paris, and then sets out in the "Blue" or other express train for Marseilles or for Port Vendres, from either of which ports steamers take one in less than twelve hours across the Mediterranean to Algiers.

The first impression one gets of Algiers is that of a great white mass rising out of a sea of sapphire. The sun is brilliant, and where the windows are glazed they blink back at one like scores of heliographs as the steamer approaches the harbour.

Drawing nearer one sees the Arab quarter, a mass of white and blue roofs rising above the European houses which have been built in so considerable numbers during the last few years.

Away on the left there is a glimpse of the beautiful gardens of Mustapha Supérieur, and in the foreground the old-time Turkish forts, making a picture of strange delight and charm; but it is only right to say that Algiers has become a very commercial town, losing something of its ancient atmosphere, and is rapidly taking on some at least of the characteristics of Marseilles in the matter of bustle and modernity, which would but a few years back have seemed so out of keeping. Red-fezzed porters seize the luggage on landing, and one is generally the centre of what one fears may develop into a free fight for possession of one's belongings.

Algiers is a marvellous city, with a sea front (owing to its having spread east and west along the coast) approaching ten miles in length, while inland, although there are many houses on the hillsides, some of the latter are too steep for building purposes, and one or two-storey bungalow-like villas are the general rule. Mustapha Supérieur up on the hill has still many villas dating from the old Arab days, in which there are lovely marbles and blue and white tiles, and charming *patios* with twisted columns, delightful fountains, and pleasant shady gardens. These villas are nowadays chiefly occupied by the members of the French and English colonies.

Although it is true that the life of Algiers has greatly altered since the days it was first discovered as a winter resort and many English people came to it, it is still a place of charm, and one likely to intrigue the holiday-maker who has not a wide experience of the Orient. Great hotels have been built which are run on modern and luxurious lines, and in them—and less expensively in various pensions—one can spend a pleasant winter amidst surroundings which are novel and sufficiently bizarre to provide the complete change that one expects when visiting the East. In the larger and more fashionable hotels there is in some measure the life of gaiety and social entertainment one associates with the French Riviera.

Algeria has been well described as a land of dates, wine, and oil, but to these may be added also oranges, so that the vegetarian need never lack a diet! The wine is quite good and cheap, and so are the better brands of native cigars, while the cigarettes, made of fine leaf with no admixture, of adulterants to spoil the flavour, are delightful.

Many will doubtless explore the sights of Algiers, which are mostly concentrated about Kasbah, or fort of the Arab city. Among these is the Governor's former Winter Palace in which the members of the long line of Deys of Algiers lived. Here there are some lovely tiles and carved woodwork to be seen, and of course many romantic and historic associations. Just opposite lies the Archbishop's palace, a typical Arab house; and the public library is one of the finest examples of Moorish architecture in the city, containing some of the most beautiful tiles in Algiers. In most of the houses and villas of any importance indeed, tiles of Dutch, Persian, Milanese, Florentine, and Venetian origin are to be found, which collectors of such things long to carry away, many of them made by artizans captured by the Algerian corsairs of the Middle Ages and later and kept in captivity.

What a wonderful place the Kasbah really is! Imagine a tangle of narrow streets climbing up the hillside, with houses in the obscure alley-ways of the older positions meeting in places so closely overhead that one has only a ribbon-like strip of pale blue sky above one. One climbs up nearly 450 ft. in less than a mile to the castle or fort of the Arab city along the Rue de la Kasbah with its 480 steps, which, of course, no vehicles can ascend or descend. Up on the hill is the Fort de l'Empereur, so-called because Charles Quint made it his headquarters for a short time.

Round this are many villas and private houses of charm, chiefly because of their wonderful situation and the marvellous view to be obtained from the flat roofs over the Arab city straggling below one.

In this quarter one may spend—it is wise, however, to be accompanied by a reliable guide or some friend who knows the ropes—a night made mysterious by tiny and insufficient lights in, say, a real Moorish café where one can capture something of the real atmosphere of the East in the crude music of the orchestra and the exotic movements of the dancers, which will do something to destroy the general impression of the blending of modernity and age that Algiers finally leaves upon the mind.

Then if one wants to realise something of the past one comes to the ancient headquarters of pirate chiefs (now those of the French Navy) on the northern side of the harbour, where the architecture is massive and somewhat forbidding, and one stumbles across a torture chamber on the outside of which is an inscription stating that "Here it was that Christian hostages were blown to pieces from cannon in the ancient days." Here, too, the author of *Don Quixote* was imprisoned in one of the cells.

That the French are really an artistic people—if one had any doubt regarding that fact—is made manifest by the way in which they are creating a new school of architecture in relation to their public buildings, of a European-Arabic-Moorish blend, to harmonise with the native surroundings. This is, perhaps, most wonderfully demonstrated in the new post office, near where the tree-planted Rue d'Isly merges in the Rue Michelet amid a network of modern tram-lines. Hard-by are fine buildings of a very utilitarian and modern character.

Algiers, too, is an excellent centre from which to explore, by the motor services instituted under French rule, or by train, the desert villages, the beautiful tree-clad and ape-haunted gorge of the Chiffa near Blida, and the wonderful Roman ruins at Timgad. There is, indeed, much to be done in the matter of sight-seeing to interest and charm the visitor to Algiers.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

In constantly increasing numbers readers of "The Sphere" are availing themselves of the free service offered by "The Sphere" Travel Bureau.

This admirably equipped and efficiently staffed Bureau exists for the dissemination of information and unbiased advice concerning travel and hotels at home and abroad. It does not sell tickets or book accommodation, but it acts as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to the prospective tourist.

Inquiries are answered promptly and comprehensively, and should be accompanied by 3d. in stamps to cover postage of booklets, etc.

"THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau,

Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

THE ILLIMITABLE DESERT: Forty-eight hours takes one to the gateway to the desert—Algiers–Biskra–Bu-Saada–the Sahara

Note on Route and Fares.—*One leaves Victoria (London) at 11.20 a.m. (there are other trains) to catch the famous "Blue Train" from Paris leaving Lyons Station at 7.55 p.m. arriving Marseilles at 8.4 a.m. next morning. The boat leaves Marseilles at noon on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, arriving at Algiers about 2.30 on the afternoon of the following day. The return fares London to Algiers (including all port dues and taxes) are first class, £20 16s.; second class, £15 6s. 8d. with "supplements" for travelling by the "Blue Train" and for reserved cabins on the boat. Travelling by the Port Vendres Route to Algiers one leaves London (Victoria) at 9 a.m., leaving Paris (Quai d'Orsay Station) at 5.14 p.m. (there are other trains) arriving at Port Vendres at 8.45 a.m. next morning. The steamers leave for Algiers on Mondays and Fridays at 10 a.m. arriving at Algiers at 8 a.m. next day. Fares: First-class return London to Paris, £6 13s. 8d.; second-class, £4 16s. 8d. From Paris to Algiers, according to rate of exchange, first-class return, frs. 1,786; second-class, frs. 1,289. These do not include harbour dues or taxes amounting to about 10s.*

BILLIBID

UNCLE SAM'S CONVICT PRISON FOR THE NATIVE FILIPINOS

CONVICTS EXERCISE TO MUSIC: One of the central courtyards of the prison of Billibid, the American prison for Filipinos. Dancing is also a part of the convict drill—but not that native dancing seen on the right

U.S.A. IN THE PHILIPPINES: U.S. bluejackets marvel at the primitive means of transport. The beast is a carabao—the native beast of burden in the islands—and it is drawing wood across a ford

Tourists are allowed to see the very up-to-date convict prison of Billibid on the Island of Luzon, the chief island of the Philippine group. Every building has its open courtyard. The convicts are drilled daily within these courtyards. A band strikes up, a signal is given by a yellow flag, and out march the convicts, taking up military positions. When the main drill is ended, a trumpet sounds, the flag sinks, officers and keepers salute, and the sound of the "Star-spangled Banner" rings out cheerfully. Calisthenic exercises follow, during which the convicts arrange themselves in figures of crosses and stars, with dancing rhythmical movements which a corps of ballet dancers might envy. The convicts are divided, accoraing to the most modern ideas of punishment, into three classes, being promoted to the higher classes for good behaviour.

PRIMITIVE WEAPONS OF A PRIMITIVE RACE: A young Filipino demonstrating the use of bow and arrow to U.S. bluejackets

RARITIES under the HAMMER

At Home and Abroad: Sales in March and April

A FIGHTER IN SILVER GILT: *A fine mounted figure of a cock—the body formed as a coconut, the detachable head forming a drinking vessel. By Daniel Michael of Augsberg, 1580. It is to be sold at Sotheby's on April 10*

"THE WISE VIRGIN": *A plastic figure by Burgund, dating back to the year 1500. It is one of the gems of the Leopold Seligmann Collection, to be sold by Ball and Graupe, Berlin, on April 24*

A RARE IVORY TABLET: *An ivory tablet from the Leopold Seligmann Collection, to be sold in Berlin by Ball and Graupe on April 28. The angelic-winged figure has two fingers raised in benediction. The three crouching figures are of uncertain origin*

BY THE BREWER ARTIST: *A striking canvas by Jan Steen, who achieved considerable fame as a* genre *painter. His work is notable for a grave humour seen markedly in the picture reproduced above. Leyden gave him birth and saw his death, but he ran a brewery for some years in Delft. The picture comes from the Vieweg Collection, to be auctioned in Berlin by Rud Lcke*

"AWAY TO THE MAYPOLE HIGH": *Inspired by the "Village Carousals" of Tenier's this Chelsea porce ain piece is a feature of the Lord and Lady Fisher Collection on exhibition at Messrs. Stoner and Evans, King Street, St. James's Square*

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

Ideal Home Number

The NURSERIES *of the* FUTURE.

THE TELEVISION CHAIR AND SCREEN: The "educational seat" of the future

On left—HAPPY CHILDHOOD: Desmond, the son of Muriel Brunskill, the noted contralto

THE ADMINISTRATION CHAIR: The buttons control the roof, and suction floor-sweepers. The drawers are for books and needlework

By the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn

If the evolution of nursery furniture and decoration progresses as quickly as it has of recent years, there will be as little resemblance between the nurseries of 1960 as there is between those of 1930 and of the late nineteenth century. More and more the study of children's needs comes to the fore. The scientific, æsthetic, psychological, and educational knowledge of these days is applied to the creation of children's furniture and rooms. When collaborating with Mr. Claude Atkinson over the ultra-modern nursery for *The Daily Mail* Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia I bore all this in mind, and tried to foresee the logical outcome of the child welfare teaching of to-day. It seems more than probable that the bustle and movement of life will increase and space decrease; therefore small furniture, useful for several purposes, and labour-saving devices, will be essential to all types of homes. It must be remembered that what seems fantastic, luxurious, and expensive in these days will be just as usual in thirty years' time as baths are to-day. Had you told our grandparents, though, that practically every house would have one bathroom if not more, they would have been very sceptical!

For town children the spreading suburb will restrict open spaces, and the servant shortage will make it hard to give children as much fresh air as they need, so a sliding roof will no doubt be a part of every nursery, and these, therefore, will be built on the top floors of houses. Every nursery will have a small gymnasium and bathroom attached, physical culture being as much part of the children's lives as brushing their teeth is now!

THE NURSERY STAKES: David, Anne, and John, the children of Sir Albert and Lady Stern

The whole room will be kept an even temperature by artistically designed sun-ray lamps, and further ventilated by windows, the roof, and by special wall ventilators. Suction floor-cleaners concealed in the skirting will clean the floors of these circular, cornerless rooms.

Colours will be shaded. The different moods or characters of children will therefore never be offended by any crude or jarring colour-note. The chairs and tables will be sometimes, perhaps, discarded downstairs pieces. As in Victorian days a large unwanted wardrobe found its way up to the nursery, so in 1960 the steel chairs and tables from the cocktail, or say the soft drink bar, will be moved into the children's room.

There will be, too, specially-designed children's chairs, adaptable in height as the children grow. The nurse's, or mother's, chair will be known as an *administrative chair*. This piece will be essential to every nursery — large and well upholstered, one arm and side containing drawers for books or needlework and so on, and the other arm having electric buttons controlling the roof, suction floor-sweepers, and other working gadgets. There will also be a leg-slide which slips in and out so that the administrator can rest. This will effectually abolish wasted energy on Nannie's part.

The television chair and unrolling floor games will occupy, amuse, and at the same time educate the child of the future.

Discipline will be exerted by a subtle form of suggestion, that is to say that the naughty child will have to sit on a hard-backed chair black in colour, with crossed birches. The good child may turn his back on the Bad Chair, and climb on the Good Chair, decorated with golden wings and fairies.

Food, too, will no longer be over-cooked and its vitamins lost to us. It will be propelled in on a beautiful, circular, and shining, as well as electrically-heated food trolley. By glancing at one of the many thermometers attached, a nurse will know exactly how hot and how nourishing a meal is provided.

IN ONE PIECE: *A double bed, a chaise-longue, and two chairs built in one piece. One end of the bed and the two cupboards are also in one. By Professor Hoffmann of Vienna*

WINTER COLOURING

INLAID BRASS RELIEF: *Modern bedroom furniture by Lahalle and Levard of Paris*

SUMMER TREATMENT

"IDEAL" HOMES

— Constant change, addition and subtraction make the house lived in — and livable

By Dorothy Gore

An ideal home—whether you're using the phrase to mean a perfected and interesting exercise in decoration, or (its larger sense) an ideal focal point of lives—is a *living* home. And a living home is one that is kept sparkling and up to the mark by change, by constant interest, experiment, improvement, addition, or subtraction.

The people who, like cats, want their surroundings to remain perfectly static are apt to find that these "go dead." Not that they always mind, though they ought to, but that it is better *not* to resemble a cat, and keep your home alive.

Few things would be duller than life lived always, day in day out, year in year out, in the same identical unvaried clothes. Suppose that you had only one complete outfit, and that as soon as that wore out—if it ever did—you had another made almost exactly like it. There is monotony you can understand. Yet hundreds—hundreds—*thousands* of people treat their homes to just such a régime.

I have often said before, and I shall probably go on all my life repeating it *ad nauseam*, that every home should have *at least* two dresses, a summer and a winter one. That is the bare minimum essential if it is to be well groomed and appropriate. Worth adding, perhaps, that these two gowns—consisting of curtains, slip-covers, cushions, and perhaps a few extra rugs—should be as different as possible. If you use a warm, dark mulberry in the winter time, try as violent a contrast as parchment white for summer for instance, and you will have an entirely different room. Or alternate a Jacobean floral design on a natural ground with a formal pale-green brocade. Or a Modernist riot of colour on a black foundation, with the inevitably popular blue room.

But (since the really clever home-maker spends—wisely of course—as much as she can possibly afford on her home) one would really recommend something far more sweeping and drastic than just a six-monthly ringing of the changes on two sets of covers.

So buy, if you can, alternating pieces of furniture. If you have no space for that—to-day most of us haven't—have the courage occasionally to scrap this or that piece, perhaps not so successful as you could have wished. The courage to move for some quite different style of decoration. *The courage to experiment.* Lacking the necessary amount of money for this type of buying, get as near the same effect as possible simply by changing the positions of what furniture and ornaments you *have* got.

But, essentially, remember that rooms can suffer from stagnation just as badly and just as quickly as people can. Only the condition is, happily, easier to remedy!

* * *

Take, as an illustration of the fact that different treatment of the same room can give you an entirely different one, the extremely interesting collection of attics in this year's Ideal Home Exhibition. Besides showing what attractive things can be done with this, often the most interesting and for so long the one completely neglected and wasted room in the house, this series displays the same attic favoured with four different treatments.

See, too, what the different nations make of the nursery—Holland, Japan, Turkey, Lapland, England, Hungary—and lastly, the science-ruled world of 1960.

* * *

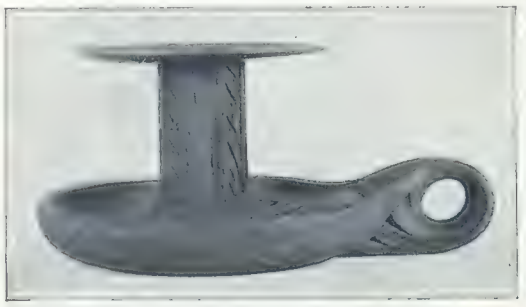
From the ideas of intensely differing personalities, intensely differing nationalities (even if one dislike them individually, even if in their entirety they would be quite unsuitable), one can always learn *something*—always draw new inspiration—altering, modifying, developing one's *own* ideas. That is why these exhibitions are so extraordinarily valuable. That is why not only close inspection of exhibits at Olympia, but periodical visits to the premises of firms like Waring and Gillow, Harrods, Hampton and Sons, Bartholomew and Fletcher, and Harvey Nichols are to be encouraged. Keep abreast of their latest developments and inventions. It's a habit worth cultivating.

No one's home is ever so perfect that it hasn't room for the slightest improvement. The ordinary course of human inventiveness takes care of that. Neither is anyone's home ever quite finished—till it is pulled down. (On the analogy that no one's personality is finally and completely developed till they are dead!)

* * *

The apparently sudden, and really amazingly complete, popular acceptance of the ultra-Modernist style of furnishing is due to a gradual process of infiltration sponsored by the big stores and by such furnishing exhibitions as this. Through these means the great mass of the people was made familiar with lines and colours, contours, and woods that in the ordinary way they would have seen so seldom as to hesitate for years in accepting. What would have seemed positively revolutionary a year ago is now, if not commonplace, at least not startlingly out of the ordinary.

Anyway, two facts remain. One that, changing and developing every year, the actual ideal home must emerge as a perfect gold mine of ideas not all of which can be expected to spring unaided from a single human brain; in other words, the inspection of *other* people's ideals is a salutary proceeding. And two, the ideal home must be living, cannot be static; in other words its owners must never have done with idealizing it!



WEATHERED OAK AND PEWTER: *A modern treatment*

DISTINCTIVE CANDLESTICKS

By Violet King

One of the few things which seem to have a perpetual vogue is the candlestick. And perhaps one of the most popular ways of lighting a dinner-table is by the light of candles. It is well known to be a sympathetic and kindly light if the correct coloured shade is chosen.

For those who do not possess revolving coloured table lights, and want to ring the changes on their table decorations, nothing is more attractive or more effective than a constant change of bright candlesticks and candles. Old and new sticks are to be seen at every turn to be in keeping with antique furniture and the ultra-modern. It is merely a question of making a wise and suitable choice. Quaint old pewter candlesticks are to be found in antique shops in keeping with lovely old oak rooms, but to be sure they are genuine antiques it is wise to use a magnifying glass to find the maker's name, as it so often is faintly marked after years of use, and this is one way of getting at the correct date. There are fake pewter candlesticks, and rather than use these most of us would prefer a modern reproduction if an original design is not available. A thing that is frankly whatever it is supposed to be is far better than a fake of any sort. There is the satisfaction that it is at least genuine.

Unless it is possible to have a collection of pewter though it is better avoided altogether (lovely as it is), for a single piece or just two candlesticks are not enough. Pewter should be in groups to be shown to the greatest advantage . . . and the pewter craze is a bad one—it usually leads to extravagant ways. However, pewter is always at its best against an oak background if one is the lucky possessor of some antique pieces. It leads to ivory walls and old-oak dressers for the whole scheme to be complete.

Modern weathered oak candlesticks, as shown in the illustration are finished with a pewter drip-pan at the top, and are used in this shape for country bedrooms and halls, the longer ones being favoured in the dining-room. Coloured candles of antique shape are chosen to be in sympathy with the rooms in which they are used—green, amethyst, purple, and orange being some of the colours that look best. The sticks can be washed in warm, soapy water, in the same way as weathered oak furniture, and will last for ever.

FROM THE V. AND A.: *A pewter candlestick of English make*

Where rooms are in the Chippendale, Sheraton, or Hepplewhite style, old Georgian silver candlesticks are at home, but there are some hand-wrought silver candlesticks of our own generation which look equally well in these period rooms.

Glass in all shapes and colours is lovely, no matter what the period of the room may be.

MODES of the MOMENT

"The Sphere's" Special Fashion Section Illustrating the Latest Models for the Well-dressed Woman

Pictured by Mesdames Morter

POSED BY MLLE MARCELINE D'ALROY: *A wool coat-frock ensemble—a model by Bernard—at Harrods' of Knightsbridge*

IN CONTRASTING SHADES: *An ensemble in wool crêpe copied from a model. One of the noteworthy features of the creation is the novel jabot. By Swan and Edgar of Regent Street*

THE TOILETTE OF THE EVENING: *A gown in a mixture of fine and heavy grey lace, worn with a short velvet evening coat with a grey fur collar and a lining of grey crêpe de chine. The frock is worn over a pink satin slip with a grey chiffon over-slip. By Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street*

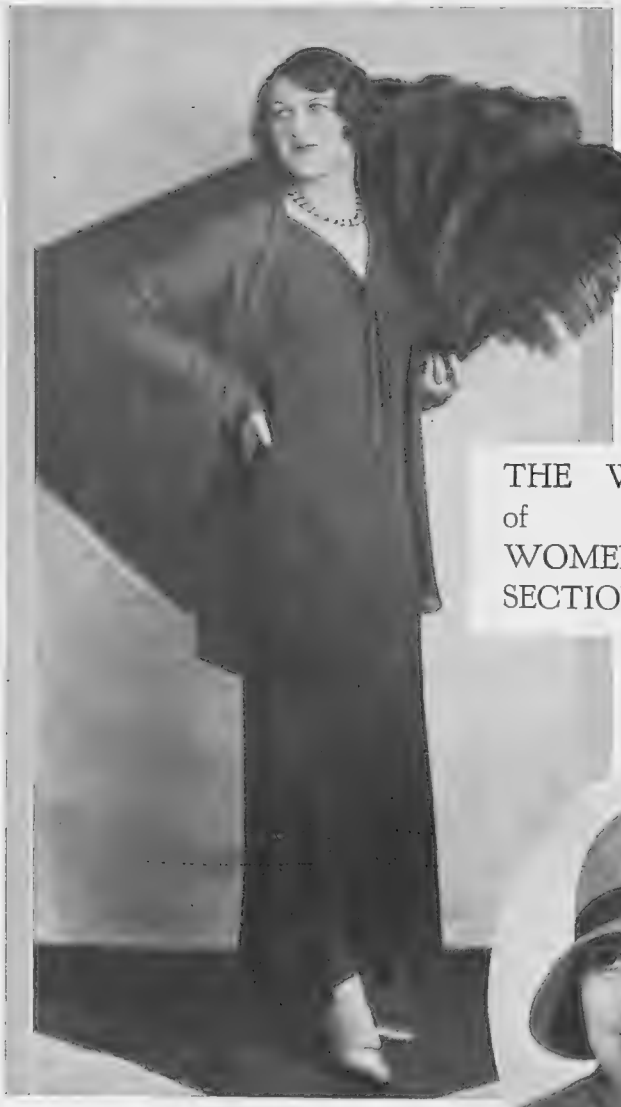
A BOUDOIR GOWN OF DISTINCTION: *A multi-coloured gown in tinsel brocade lined in pale pink georgette. The cape effect is achieved by the flowing ends which are finished with pink silk tassels. The garment comes from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street*

MODES of the MOMENT

"The Sphere's" Special Fashion Section Illustrating the Latest Models for the Well-dressed Woman

A model smoking suit by Gorringe of Buckingham Palace Road

"SPORTIF": *A white crêpe de chine hand-made tennis frock. It can be obtained in blue and biscuit as well. The hat is of stitched parchment linen—both by Robinson and Cleaver of Regent Street*



DIRECT FROM PARIS: *A model in scarlet georgette with a long and heavy fringe skirt—a treatment effectively reproduced in shorter fringe at neck and sleeves. From Woollands of Knightsbridge*

THE WORLD of WOMEN SECTION—*cont.*

Lenare

FOR TRAVEL OR SPORT: *A charming tweed hat by Henry Heath of Oxford Street*

Pictures by Mesdames Morter

FOR THE AFTERNOON: *A blue georgette gown hand-embroidered in silk and metal. The hat is of fine blue straw and felt with a felt bow. The parasol is of brocade and chiffon. It has a Chinese lacquer handle and is lined with blue silk—from Liberty of Regent Street*

Reproductions *by* The HOUSE *of* WARING

1695-1930

To realise a beautiful room, it is not necessary to have costly furniture. But it is necessary to have furniture of character

In the New Showrooms for Reproductions on the first floor, may be seen an incomparable selection of models, faithfully reproduced from the Queen Anne and other periods, and offered at prices that are quite inexpensive

Handsome Tall Chest, 50 ins. high, 28 ins. wide and 19 ins. deep, with shaped front in exquisitely figured Walnut, with beautiful veneers, containing five long and two short drawers . . £32.10.0

Beautiful shaped-front Side Table, 29 ins. high, 22 ins. wide and 16 ins. deep, in richly figured Walnut with exquisite veneers, fitted with two drawers £12.5.0

WARINGS

Deansgate MANCHESTER

OXFORD ST., W.

Waring & Gillow, Ltd.

Bold Street LIVERPOOL

THE HOME IN SPRING.

IN THE FUTURE: *A nursery scene in A.D. 2000, as forecast at "The Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition*

IDEAL HOMES: *Modern dwellings specially erected at Olympia where homes of many types have been created*

INTHE FROZEN NORTH: *A Lapland nurse in the nursery section of Olympia*

The advent of the vernal season marks the refurbishing of the house and all that herein is. Spring-cleaning is not merely washing what one already possesses but may involve the purchase of new devices, re-covering, or even re-furnishing. The era of this renovation is marked by the 1930 Ideal Home Exhibition held under the ægis of "The Daily Mail" at Olympia

In this materialistic age when much that our fathers prized as sentiment is denounced as sentimental, and sex problems, companionate marriage and easy divorce are staple subjects of conversation between man and maid, there can be little doubt that in the phrase which is most commonly quoted at this season of the year, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," the accent should most appropriately be placed on the word "lightly."

The young man's mother, however, regards the spring from a more serious point of view, for her thoughts are with the problem of spring-cleaning, which is anathema to her household, as it involves a certain amount of discomfort, and discomfort is anathema to her sons and daughters.

That anathema is, however, turned to blessing when the walls and dark corners of the rooms, begrimed with the smoke of the fires which have blazed so cheerfully on the domestic hearth through the winter, have been swept and garnished or given a new coat of distemper, when the curtains home from the cleaner and looking almost like new have been hung afresh, and the silver sun reveals the renovation of the home in the same way as it brings to light the budding of the trees which proclaims the renovation of Nature.

Something in the nature of an object lesson of what this renovating can do to a home is supplied by *The Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition which was opened at Olympia by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress on Monday last, while the various firms exhibiting in it offer suggestions, not less eloquent because they are silent, for new dispositions in furniture, new appointments adding beauty to the rooms without undue expense, novel and subtle arrangements in lighting and labour-saving devices which, in these days when maids have to be pampered, materially lessen the physical exertion they are called upon to undergo, and thus save much complaining and grumbling.

The one drawback is that the visitors' homes must of necessity be restricted to their original size and cannot expand like the Exhibition, which is on a larger and more lavish scale than its predecessors, for this year the Empire Hall has increased its floor-space to two acres more than on any previous occasion.

It has been a commonplace of feminine observation that hitherto men have designed the homes in which women work and with a peculiarly masculine lack of perception have so arranged things that they have increased labour and fatigue instead of diminishing them. The problem is one, indeed, which has exercised the feminine mind for years, and though it has been largely ignored in England, yet in the United States, where the domestic problem is even more serious than it is with us, numerous contraptions have been introduced to lessen labour, and the arrangement of the kitchen in particular has been so managed that the worker has the minimum amount of movement even when her employment is at the maximum.

The women who have inveighed against masculine architecture will, therefore, be particularly interested in what is called "The House that Jill Built," designed by Mrs. P. A. Lee of Croydon to represent the views of the modern woman on the subject of house planning. While arranged on the most practical and labour-saving lines, it has many novel and even daring features which will undoubtedly cause considerable discussion.

In the Pavilion of Light, which occupies a prominent position in the new Empire Hall, a suite of six rooms including a lounge, a dining-room, a bedroom, nursery, kitchen, and bathroom is attracting considerable attention. The dining-room is something different from anything seen before. The walls and ceiling are of black glass with a narrow rose-coloured mirror with glass strip figures as a cornice and as part of the architraves, while the skirting is of stainless steel.

THE BEAUTY OF WALNUT: *A finely figured sideboard with cabriole legs and antique colour brass handles —by Bartholomew and Fletcher*

The thresholds of the doors are lighted from below, and an etched panel lighted from behind forms a dado between the two doors. The central feature of the room is the dining-table made entirely of glass, its top illuminated by light projected downwards upon a rectangular tank containing goldfish and aquatic vegetation.

MESSRS. HARROD.—In striking contrast with this is a dining-room designed and carried out by Messrs. Harrod and illustrated on this page. Richly panelled from floor to ceiling, it betrays even at first glance that solidarity which is so marked a trait of the national character, and lends itself so happily as a background to the china and the old-fashioned copper warming pan, translated from the purely utilitarian purpose for which it was originally designed to become an object of admiration even in so beautifully appointed an apartment.

Nothing could well be farther removed from the glass table than the massive carved wooden one dominating the centre of the room with which the severe but comfortable chairs are so happily in keeping. How highly polished is the wood may be gauged, even in our illustration, by the reflection of the glasses in its surface, and if the imagination fills the chairs with congenial guests battledoring the shuttlecock of wit to and fro across the table one gets a beautiful picture of an English home in its most delightful mood.

Messrs. Harrods' skill in reproducing the best quality of antique furniture is too well known to need more than a passing reference.

MESSRS. BARTHOLOMEW AND FLETCHER.—The constantly increasing use of machinery brought about by the standardization and mass production of furniture to meet the cutting of prices to suit the depleted purses of the people, can only be deplored by everyone who believes in maintaining all that is best in English craftsmanship. Cabinet-making in particular has suffered through the introduction of factory methods.

Certain firms, notable among them Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, whose experience and reputation extend over nearly a century, refuse to adopt this lowered standard of workmanship and insist on maintaining the beauty of harmonious proportions, fine wood, and honest craftsmanship in all the products of their workshops. While they maintain a directness, a simplicity and restraint bordering in some respects almost on severity but yet maintaining a fitness for their intended purpose, they are nevertheless able to and do produce "pieces" which the connoisseur may well feel a pride in possessing, as the cabinet we illustrate abundantly proves.

These qualities are no less visible in the upholstery of the firm, which prides itself first on the quality of the materials it uses, and next on the highly skilled and specialized workmanship necessitating care and experience at every stage. With these facts before him, the prospective purchaser is able to rely on any individual ideas he has being carried out, for he is brought into personal contact with the actual designers and producers entrusted with the interpretation of his wishes.

MESSRS. WHITELEY.—While the term "Universal Provider" has for several decades been synonymous with the name of Whiteley, for the founder of the firm prided himself on being able to supply any article no matter how rare, its wonderful furniture galleries are by no means the least remarkable of the features of the building which dominates the Bayswater shopping centre.

In them is displayed a larger selection of furniture than can probably be found elsewhere. Indeed the Whiteley reputation for everything necessary for furnishing the home is widely known throughout the world, and as quality is the outstanding characteristic of this furniture, the firm's reputation has never stood higher than it does at present.

In the suite at the Ideal Home Exhibition there is a particularly charming bedroom carried out in pale blue judiciously relieved with rose. This combination, no one will need reminding, was designed by one of the most famous beauties of the French Court. This room is fitted with an illuminated wardrobe, and the area of the dressing-table is illuminated through the floor, although the light by which the happy owner of the room dresses comes from above.

For such a bedroom, or indeed for any other, most attractive furniture can be found in the Whiteley galleries, and at a price which is the most reasonable that the quality will permit. The same remark applies to the furniture for the dining-room, hall, study, or drawing-room. For those who may desire information and advice on any furnishing subject there is a specially organized department of experts who are able to render

OAK TRIUMPHANT: *A panelled dining-room designed and executed throughout by Harrods of Knightsbridge*

(Continued on following page)

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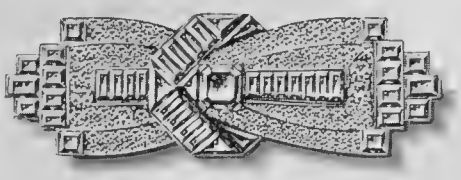
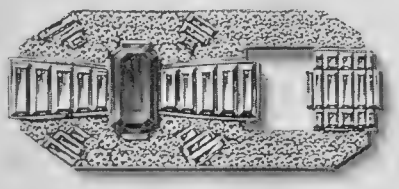
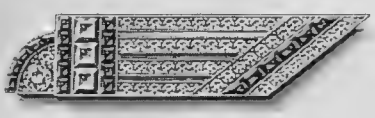
MODERN JEWELCRAFT







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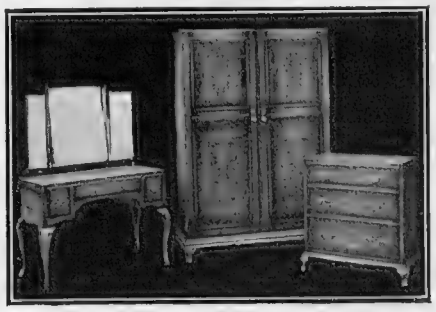
THE HOME IN

Some Help in Matte

such efficient and satisfactory service that those who are unable to visit the galleries in person can trust implicitly to having their wishes properly carried out.



IN FIGURED WALNUT: *A three-piece bedroom suite by Whiteley*

MESSRS HAMPTON. — Whenever the House Beautiful is thought of the name of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., must inevitably spring to the mind, for it has enjoyed for more than a hundred years the distinction of having a perfectly equipped organization for the prompt execution of decorating and renovating work of every description.

In spite of the numerous modern attempts to introduce so-called Futuristic designs in furniture, there is, happily, a sane conservatism on the part of the vast majority of the public which can afford it to retain those styles of a bygone age characterized by solidity and beauty, while still adapting them to present-day needs of comfort and convenience. Of these historic styles that of the Tudor period is undoubtedly one of the most typically English.

Its completeness and accuracy are apparent even at a first glance at the firm's illustration. The same thoroughness of design the firm carries out in any period style desired, while modernity is not neglected for those who wish for an interpretation of the spirit of to-day.

THE GLORY OF TUDOR: *An interior by Hampton*

THE GRACE OF FRANCE: *A Louis XVI interior, by Harvey Nichols*

MESSRS. HARVEY NICHOLS. — So closely identified with Knightsbridge are Messrs. Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., that mention of the one almost inevitably brings the other to the mind.

The qualities which have made Messrs. Harvey Nichols among the exceptional establishments to hold the Royal Warrant of Appointment to H.M. the Queen are those established basic ones on which alone a great success can be built—an unfailing respect for and insistence upon the highest quality of its merchandise, the realization that in these days of financial stringency strict moderation in prices must not be exceeded, coupled with that unstinting measure of service to its clients which begets in them a feeling of pleasant confidence.

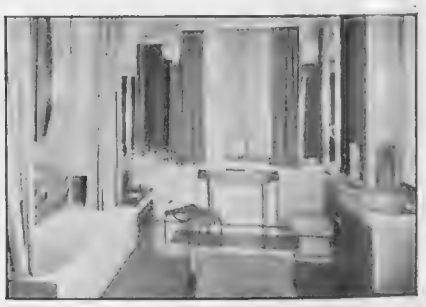
It is no doubt the adherence to these considerations which has maintained the house's clientele for generation after generation of the best families in the country, no less than the plasticity of its designs to meet the varying fashions which the dress designers introduce for the decoration of the feminine world.

MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW. — It was in 1695 that the founder of the house of Waring and Gillow set up his cabinet-shop in the city of Lancaster, and in that same factory the house which moved to London in 1740, still carries on the craft of furniture-making. This is naturally now being done on a vastly more extended scale, for companion factories in London and Liverpool have been added, so that they are the largest in the world operating in the interests of one house. In these factories are men who have stood at the same bench for half a century and more, handing on to their juniors the great tradition they received from their predecessors. For this reason Waring furniture has acquired a world-wide reputation for style, symmetry, and character, to which is allied that economy of price which the resources of the house enable it to offer. It is no wonder, therefore, that the firm receives some of the greatest contracts in various parts of the world.

MESSRS. BELL. —Whatever else may be omitted in designing a room, there is one thing which is of paramount importance. This is a fireplace.

Among the notable makers of grates are Messrs. Bell, whose works are situated in Northampton, and whose London address is Berners Street, W. 1. A prominent place in their artistic output is occupied by their Dutch tiled fireplaces and grates. These are supplied in so large a number of styles that the would-be purchaser must be impossible to please if he is unable to select what he likes from the exhibit in the showroom, and have it set up in his own home. These Dutch-tiled mantelpieces are slabbed in one piece, and if, in addition, a tiled shelf is needed it is slabbed on to the mantelpiece, thus facilitating as well as decreasing the cost of fixing.

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO.



BLUE, PINK, AND SILVER: *A lady's bathroom in maple, mirror marble, and rubber, by Waring and Gillow*

IN THE STYLE OF HOLLAND: *A Dutch tile fireplace obtainable in many colours and sizes from Bell Ray and Foundry Co.*

— When everywhere householders are doing all they can for increasing the comfort of their maids who still have to use the kitchen as their sitting-room, the products of the Interoven Stove Co., Ltd., naturally command attention, for by a simple device the range is readily converted to look like a sitting-room fire-place. Specially to be recommended is the super Interoven pattern, 22 in. wide, which is supplied at so economical a price that every householder who employs regular service can readily afford to scrap his old

SPRING

Continued from p. 558

...u Must Attend to Now

...r...

...range and substitute his one for it. For the sitting-room the firm's Cheer-ee-o stove, which has all the advantages of an open fire, reduces trouble of cleaning to a minimum.

TO CHANGE A KITCHEN TO A SITTING-ROOM: *The Interoven stove*

MESSRS. BRATT COLBRAN.—In spite of all the modern innovations in the decoration of the home, there are many for whom the rooms designed by the Brothers Adam or in the style they introduced represent the acme of beauty and elegance. For such a room a fine marble chimney-piece from the collection of Messrs. Bratt Colbran and Co., Ltd., must appeal by reason of its absolute fitness.

The firm does not by any means limit itself to reproductions of a bygone age, however beautiful, for it is in the forefront of the modern movement, and its heaped fire, with a sloping top to the grate which throws the heat forward, ensures a gracious warmth combined with economy in the consumption of coal.

GODDESS OF CHASTITY AND THE CHASE: *Diana with a stag—in Royal Copenhagen ware*

ROYAL COPENHAGEN WARE.—Although the great vogue for Royal Copenhagen Ware—many beautiful pieces of which are to be seen at the Ideal Home Exhibition—is of comparatively recent date, the first Danish porcelain factory was opened as long ago as the middle of the eighteenth century, and produced soft-paste porcelain after the style of Sèvres.

It was not, however, until 1883 that Philip Schou invented a new oven which permitted the porcelain to be fired at a higher temperature than had hitherto been possible, thus creating new beauties in the glaze and colour.

Since then Royal Copenhagen Porcelain has won the admiration of connoisseurs the world over for the perfection of its modelling and the beauty of its glaze, while the variety of its subjects has been enhanced by the characters from Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, which have given inspiration to artists who have decorated many articles with illustrations of the famous author in celebration of the 125th anniversary of his birth.

BY THE MAKERS OF A FAMOUS CHAIR: *A bookcase by Minty of Oxford*

MESSRS. MINTY.—If flowers and a fire make the beauty of a room, then assuredly books give it that attribute of life without which it must inevitably seem merely a receptacle for such ornaments as the means of its owner permit.

With the famous Minty book-cases which may be seen at Stand 8 on the Ground Floor and at Stand 236 in the New Hall Gallery of the Ideal Home Exhibition, a decorative quality is added to any room into which they are introduced. These book-cases are made in sections so that, as the books increase, new additions can be made until, if desired, the whole wall space can be covered. Moreover, by the use of corner sections there is no waste of space and the room gains in decorative quality, for the cases are made in oak and mahogany, plain or inlaid, with either glass or diamond-pattern leaded lights. While the price of the sections is very reasonable, the purchaser can spread payment over a year with little extra expense over the ordinary cash prices.

MESSRS. BOULTON AND PAUL.—Between so great an airship as the *R 101*, the detailed design and construction of the framework of which was carried out by Messrs. Boulton and Paul, Ltd., of Norwich, whose London office is 139, Queen Victoria Street, and so apparently insignificant a thing as a hen-coop costing a few shillings, there is scarcely anything which cannot be supplied by the firm.

As it includes the making of bungalows in its activities, so it furnishes automatic lighting and power plants expressly designed for them, as well as smaller country houses and farms. This machinery has the advantage of being fool-proof, being automatically safeguarded in every way, and costs less to buy and to run than any other plant of similar capacity.

As no nation has a greater love of seeing things grow than ours, so Messrs. Boulton and Paul provide greenhouses, the cost of which has been reduced to the lowest limits.

THE E.D.A.—In the onward march of development which seeks, on the one hand, to preserve the beauty of each room as long as possible, and on the other to reduce the domestic labour problem to a minimum, electricity has made such phenomenal strides during the last ten years that "Do it with Electricity" might be a slogan as well known and as popular as "Say it with Flowers." In this work the Electrical Development Association, has been a pioneer since it started the campaign "Wiring the Homes of Britain," for it was early realized that merely putting a good light into each room gives only the minimum comfort and satisfaction which electricity is capable of providing.

There can be little doubt that the house of the future will be an electric home in which everything now done by other means will be supplanted by what is colloquially called "juice." This change will undoubtedly be largely aided by the efforts of the E.D.A., whose attractive booklet showing the many applications to "The House you Want" can be obtained from its London office, 15, Savoy Street, London, W.C.2.

(Continued on following page)

A CHARMING BUNGALOW: *One of the fascinating products of Boulton and Paul*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Abridged CATALOGUE 7s.

Late XVIIth Century Walnutwood Armchair, with the original Needlework Covering.

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OVER 100 ROOMS

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THE HOME IN SPRING

(*Continued from preceding page*)

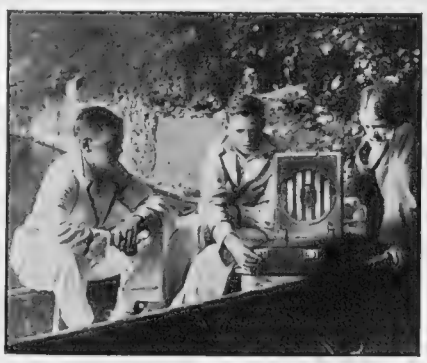
THE BERKEFELD FILTER CO.—Conspicuous among the manufacturers of water softeners are three, who, arranged alphabetically, are the Berkefeld Filter Company, the Duro Automatic Water Softeners, the product of Messrs. Drake and Gorham, and the United Water Softeners, Limited.

The Berkefeld apparatus is simple in construction, requires no skill and little attention in use, while it can be regenerated in the course of a few minutes, the only cost for doing this being that for a small quantity of kitchen salt and a few gallons of water.

While any desired number of gallons may be obtained up to a thousand between regeneration periods in the ordinary way, there is no reason why much larger plants should not be obtained if desired. On the other hand, for households where small quantities of soft water are needed quickly, the Petite pattern, costing a relatively few shillings, supplies enough for tea-making, drinking purposes, shaving, washing, etc.

automatic types of water-softening apparatus. For restaurants, small houses, and boilers, a hand-controlled model provides a thoroughly efficient and durable apparatus at a price which brings it within the reach of every householder.

obtain soft water from any house supply, either for drinking or toilet purposes, and that at a cost of only £1 10s. It needs no fixing, has no movable parts, and can be brought into operation in the course of a few seconds.



MUSIC WHEREVER THEY GO: *A Rees-Mace portable wireless set*

ELIMINATING LIME: *The Berkefeld water softener*

Some interesting facts with regard to soft water as compared with hard are that when the former is used boilers never require cleaning; hot-water pipes remain clean always; water is heated in the shortest possible time and with the smallest consumption of fuel; while about a quarter of the tea normally used with hard water is saved, over 50 per cent. of soap for laundry purposes and 60 per cent. of soda, thus producing valuable economical results.

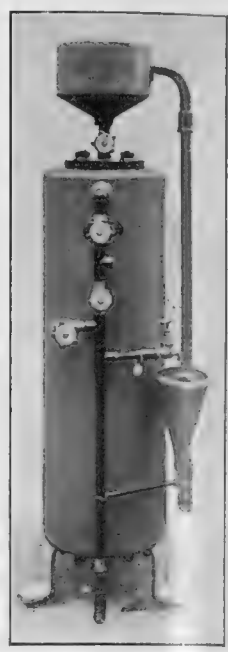
MESSRS. REES-MACE.—Such has been the world-conquering power of wireless that it is almost impossible to think of an ideal home which lacks this modern means of securing entertainment of the most varied character at so small cost that, omitting the expense of the instrument, it becomes negligible.

Pre-eminent among these portable wireless machines is the Rees-Mace Gnome which is exhibited at Olympia. It is one of the smallest efficient sets in the world, for it is contained in a hide attaché case measuring 13 in. by 11 in. by 6 in. and its weight is only 20 lb. It can thus not only be taken readily from one room to another in the home, but as our illustration shows it may also be carried into the garden or taken on the river, when, by the touch of a switch and a turn of the tuning dial, perfect reproduction in full volume is obtained from the loud-speaker incorporated in the set which contains a four-valved screened grid receiver with standard valves and batteries.

MESSRS. KOLSTER BRANDES, LTD.—"British made by British labour" is the stimulating phrase used by Messrs. Kolster Brandes, Ltd., for their wireless receivers.

There are folk who want to sit in a comfortable chair by the fire in winter or, in summer, to lie out in the garden and be, as it were, in another place hundreds of miles away yet able to receive the programme with the same ease and clearness as if they were on the spot whence the entertainment is being broadcast.

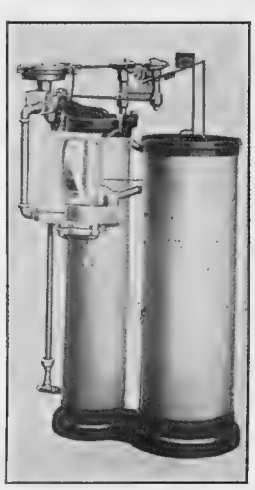
Such qualities the Kolster Brandes firm provides. Moreover the firm provides its own special programmes, for on Sunday evening its listeners get the attractive radio concerts broadcast from Hilversum and Toulouse with such completeness and delicacy that they might be in the concert hall of either of those towns.



PERMUTIT: *One of the best water-softeners on the market*

MESSRS. DRAKE AND GORHAM.—The Duro apparatus manufactured by Messrs. Drake and Gorham, Ltd., represents the ultimate in water-softening equipment. It has the advantage that it is fool-proof, being fully automatic, so that it regenerates itself without any manipulation of valves or human attention. Thus, it has, naturally, been recommended by engineers, architects, contractors, builders, and indeed by users everywhere, for its outstanding principles are its simplicity in operation and its permanency.

Behind its manufacture are years of experience, covering hand-operated, semi-automatic, and



SOFTENING HARD WATER: *The Duro water softener, made by Drake and Gorham*

THE UNITED WATER SOFTENERS.—The United Water Softeners, Limited, who hold the warrant of His Majesty the King, have registered the name "Permutit" for the material and plant manufactured exclusively by them. This material possesses special qualities of durability, insolubility, and freedom from disintegration, so that it offers the best possible guarantee of perfect performance of what it sets out to do.

The company also manufactures what it calls a Midget Permutit, which is no larger than a vacuum flask and can be packed in a suit-case or handbag, for it weighs less than 2 lb., thus enabling its owner to

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BURNING continuously Day and Night at a cost of 6d. only, the cosy glow of the CHEER-EE-O greets you in the morning, and there are no fires to lay. It burns any kind of fuel with very little attention, maintaining an even temperature with perfect ventilation. All the advantages of Open or Closed Stoves are combined in the CHEER-EE-O but without the dirt and trouble of the former or the cheerless appearance of the other.

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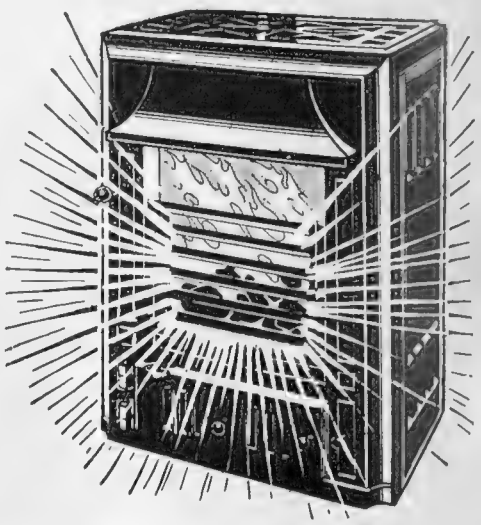

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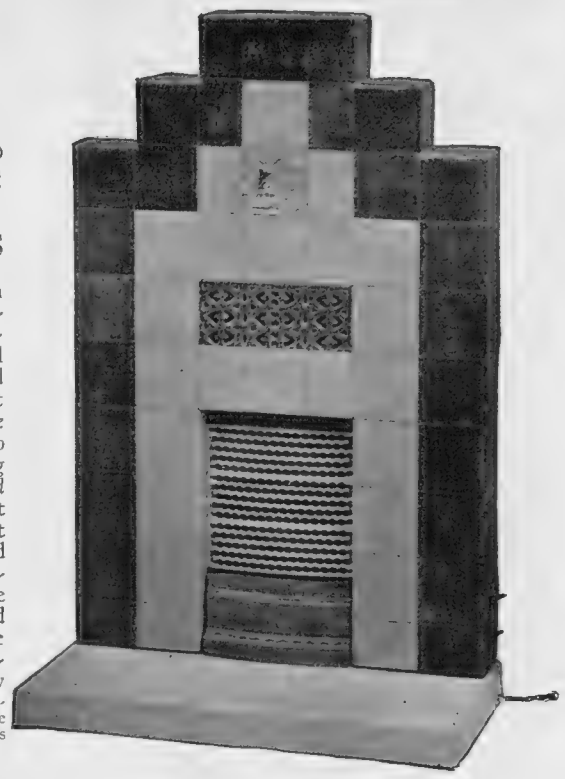

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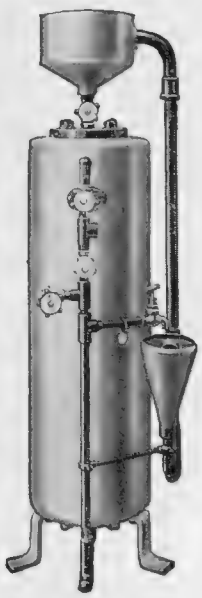

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Your HARD WATER supply will be instantly changed by "Permutit" into delightfully soft water, at a trifling cost, and without chemicals or labour. Just a slender steel cylinder containing "Permutit," attached to the water main of any House, Hotel, Institution or Factory, will give that building an unlimited supply of the softest, purest water for Drinking, Cooking, Toilet, Baths, Hot Water system, Laundry, Boilers, and all other domestic or industrial purposes.

ONCE INSTALLED, scarcely any attention is needed. A simple regeneration with Salt of suitable quality renews the activity of the "Permutit" softener whenever required.

Instal "Permutit" (Regd. T.M.) *The Water Softener* in your home

The Illustrated Handbook, "Soft Water in the Home," will be sent free on receipt of a postcard by

UNITED WATER SOFTENERS LIMITED

Water Purification Specialists

ALDWYCH HOUSE LONDON, W.C. 2

Young people—and, of course, the boys and girls — should learn that conversation is the only parlour game in which no one may win and no one may try to win. It might be compared to the game in which the children tie up chains of bright-coloured paper artistically and joyously in order to have the satisfaction of undoing them a moment later and then tearing them up.

But there is an inherent aim under the surface of the game of the moment. Men usually talk for the sake of talking and blame others for the weakness which they have in themselves. But often, too, they talk out of curiosity, and that, according to a saying of Goethe, is one of the motors of our education. Hence the superior participant will turn the conversation away from himself and toward what others have to say and will decoy those inferior to him intellectually into revelation. For not while he is listening to himself, but while he is listening to others, will he acquire something for himself. But he must unite this intellectual desire with courtesy, which obliges him also to contribute something to the conversation. From this give-and-take in conversation, as in love, there arises the productive harmony.

Hence every conversation gains through the varied mingling of the participants and loses through the similarity of their social circles. Professional people among themselves rarely arrive at a lively conversation, and if they are really any good they soon become unbearable to each other; they are like prisoners, condemned to squat in the same room, who after a little while begin to hate each other.

After a few attempts to bring up some common interest, bankers talking together come around again to stocks; authors to publishers and royalties; actors to rôles and agents; members of the Reichstag to blocs and motions; engineers to contractors and patents; waiters to tips; kings to court chamberlains; society women to hats and parties; and business women to their men colleagues. Among these are men and women who might be geniuses—they might be leaders or people of power—but the group as such deprives them of originality; for while any group of men appears better physically than the best individual, intellectually it sinks below the level of the best.

Debate is the death of conversation. It splits a company into a number of camps and usually in the end leaves the field to the two camps which have been able to maintain their positions the loudest. Then at best it becomes a duel at which the others look on. But, according to the social code that no one may win a victory, in the end a bad peace is patched up. Everybody is dissatisfied and believes he would have presented a much better argument if only he had been allowed to speak.

CONVERSATION—the Neglected Art

By EMIL LUDWIG

(Continued from p. 534)

Since in general the only people who can come to an understanding are those who think and feel alike, since objective arguments are always subterfuges for highly personal sentiments, such debates are never decisive, no one is convinced. But that is not the aim of conversation. What then is the aim?

The ideal conversation might be compared to an improvised concert of real masters at which some-

Drawn by Eric Fraser

CONVERSATION RAMPANT: Little groups can be disconcerting when discussing different subjects

one strikes a theme on the piano; the first violin follows, the 'cello joins in, then the bass viol, and perhaps also a second violin and a flute. Everyone willingly follows the others, but each one has his own part which the experienced ear quickly distinguishes from the others. They vary the theme, develop it and carry it back in a transformed state to its originator. This ideal case requires, indeed, real masters, and it will seldom occur. But to point out the way one must set up an ideal.

For this art of conversation I have found men of action better fitted than the learned. When the poets rave about the men of deeds who act instead of speaking, they are wrong; the active man has in all times talked a great deal—Œdipus and Siegfried, Muhammad and Moses—and Caulaincourt tells of Napoleon that he found it one of the most agreeable rights of lordship to speak on all occasions. Naturally the man of affairs needs a hundred heads which he must constantly persuade and a million arms which he must command, while the platonic characters all alone compose their systems and their poems.

The statesman and the big business man have more and more interesting things to talk about than the thinker and artist; the one fight always with men, the other with ideas. The artist is sparing of his material; the man of action is lavish with his. No wonder that Goethe talked less than Byron, and Schiller worse than Wilde, who could carry on a magical conversation.

Conversation and narrating are of course two different things, but much conversation comes into conflict with narration. Thus young people should learn systematically what one should tell and what one may not tell. Much worse than an improper story, it seems to me, is the common vice of telling a story in which the narrator gets the better of it. What an art to tell a story of a love adventure! The impression of frivolity must not appear, and at any cost names, dates, and circumstances must be so changed that with truth a part of the charm must be sacrificed. The limit must be set beyond which one may not go in telling of love affairs in company. Add to that an unfailing instinct for what is fitting; for what may be spoken is much more narrowly limited than what may be written—dangerous rocks upon which most people go to pieces and ruin the effect of their stories for the listeners.

The best story-teller I ever listened to was an Austrian officer—a service in which I have found many excellent narrators. At that time, before the War, he was a young major but a member of the general staff, which is important. For the exactitude which was there demanded and cultivated was an important factor of his art. He told stories of manœuvres, hunting, and always of women; and although he did not himself always come off badly, he never aroused any painful feelings. For he spoke impersonally, as if in a report to his general about the arrangement of a place, the form of the room, the position of the door, of a candlestick, of a hat—all things which were to play a part in the story. He made a chart, so to say, of the situation, but also of the faces, the actions, and peculiarities. He never fell into the error of most storytellers, of laughing himself or passing judgment—he reported, but with such plastic art, such realism, that one would think himself listening to a criminal commissar, and at the same time a man who understood souls.

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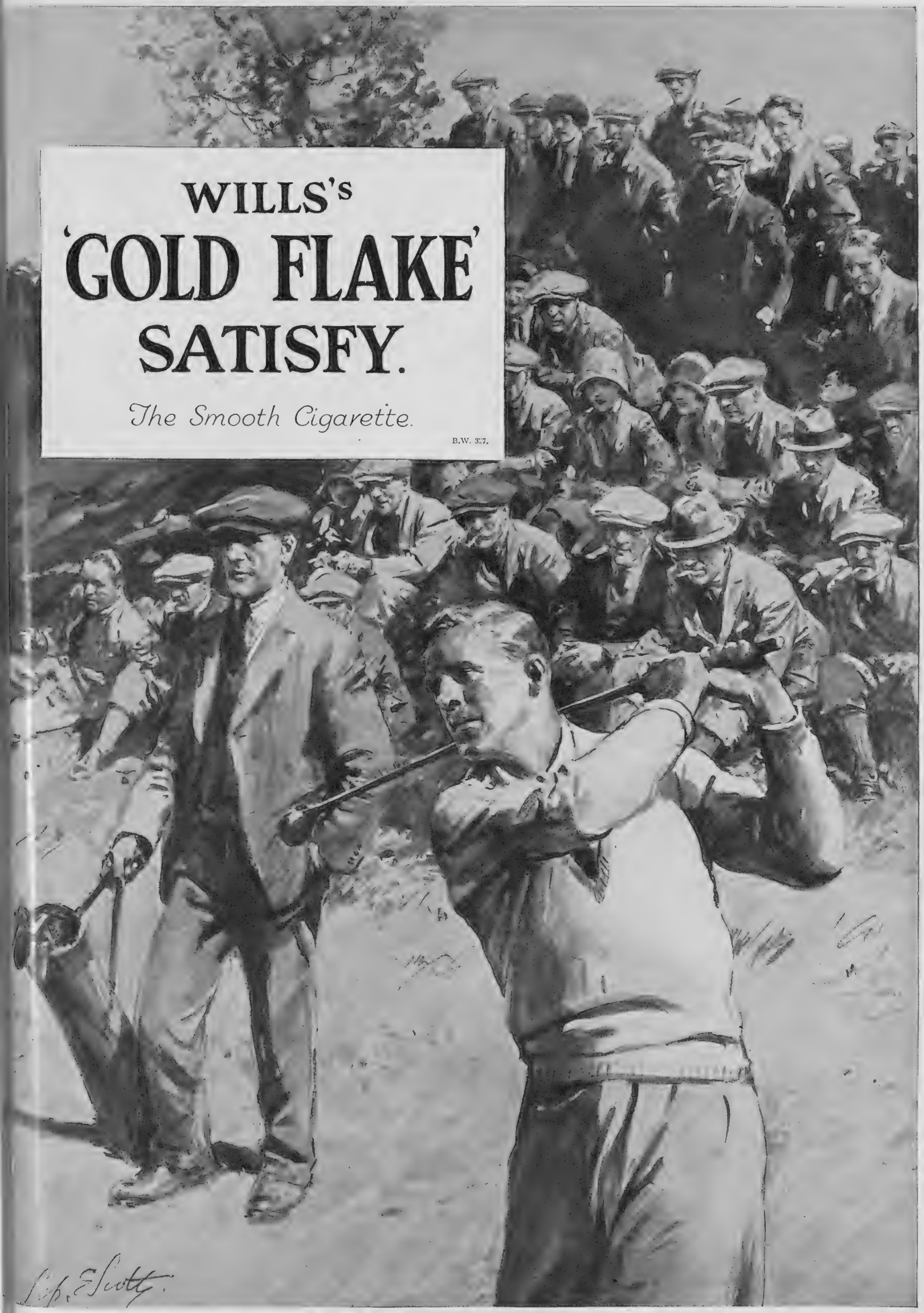
WILLS'S
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The Petrol World

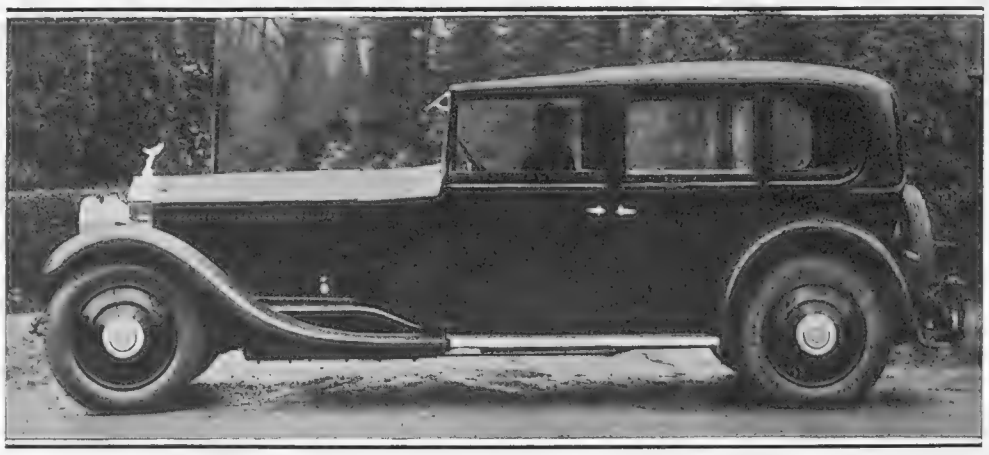
by A. Percy Bradley

REGULATIONS AD NAUSEAM.—Only the other day through the courtesy of the Pyrene Co., Ltd., I learnt that motorists have suddenly become subject to a new statutory order which has the same force as a full-blown law. I am sure that not one motorist in ten had any idea that from December 1 last he was subject to all kinds of pains and penalties for contravening a regulation which has suddenly appeared on the horizon without warning.

Apparently the powers that be have decreed that if a car-owner keeps his car in his private garage he is to be compelled, provided that there is spirit in the tank, to have an efficient means of extinguishing any fire that might ensue. Up to the present, householders have not been asked, not even by their insurance companies, to keep a fire extinguisher in their house. It seems, therefore, that a direct attack has been made on the Englishman's castle by the Government, although we have always been led to believe that our homes were really our own concerns.

This particular regulation forms part of a whole group, but it is the one that affects private motorists. I am told that a box of sand will meet the requirements, but I am sure very few of us desire to fill up our garages with such heavy and unpleasant material. It, therefore, behoves us to get busy, desiring as we do to abide by the law, and I cannot think of any more convenient or any more efficient way of putting this desire into practice than by fixing a small fire extinguisher to our cars. For many years I have carried a Pyrene, and although I have had the good fortune never to have had an outbreak of fire on my own car, I have used the Pyrene on quite a number of occasions to put out fires for other motorists.

I cannot help thinking that when the group of regulations were drafted it was never intended that these should apply to the private car-owner, but the wording has been so ill-chosen that the Home Office, when approached, decided that the words "storage place" which are mentioned in the regulations, must include a private garage. It is just another instance of the inefficient work done by our legislators by employing ambiguous and ill-chosen phraseology.



A Geneva Show Exhibit: One of the two Rolls-Royce "Phantom II" cars fitted with British bodies which were exhibited at the Geneva Show this week. The car illustrated above is fitted with a Thrupp and Maberly limousine de ville body cellulosed in black and lined in "Tango"

MY NEW LAGONDA SPECIAL.—Having written last week on the coming of spring and what that means to both the new and the old motorist, I find that I myself have been smitten with the desire to possess a 1930 model, and I have to confess that the temptation became so strong to me that I succumbed almost without any resistance. Having had a closed car for the past three years I now find myself the prou possessor of a sports open four-seater. My choice fo 1930 has fallen on a 2-litre Lagonda Special, and alread I have sent the mileage on the speedometer almost t the 1,000 mark. In spite of this four-figured distance think it is yet a little early to give my considered opinio of this very interesting car. I have, however, learn quite a lot about it in the short time it has been in m possession, and I can say that I am more than please with its behaviour up to the moment. I am particularl happy, because the manufacturers are within ten mile of my office, not that I anticipa having any trouble, but rathe because I am what might b termed a lazy motorist. If th oil in my engine requires chang ing, certain parts require oilin or greasing, I always like to let th makers of the car carry out th work. I, therefore, rejoice tha Staines and Weybridge are clos together.

Another feature which please me immensely is that on pur chasing the car I received wha the firm call a Bi-annual Guarantee The last two cars I owned wer guaranteed for six months, but m new mount will apparently b looked after by the makers quit efficiently for two years; then, i I require an extension of th guarantee, I have only to send th car to the works at Staines, an provided that I subsequently plac an order for any repairs and adjust ments that the company may the consider necessary, the guarante will be extended for a further period of two years, an according to a form which I have received, this pro cedure can be continued up to the end of ten years No motorist can surely ask for a better practica demonstration of the faith of a manufacturer in hi product than the granting of this ten years' guarantee.

(Continued on following page

HN

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Our Spring Display of Furnishing Fabrics includes some very distinctive Cretonnes for Loose Covers, Curtains, etc., in original designs which are exclusive to this house. For example:—

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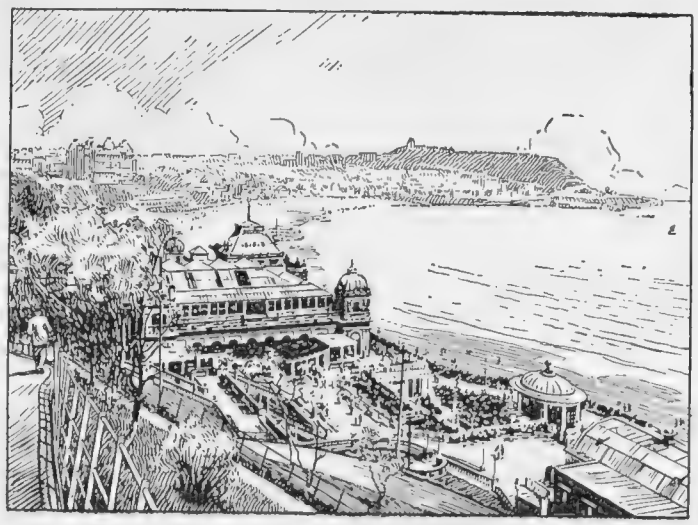

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(REGENT 0243)

The PETROL World

(cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

THE MORE YOU RUN THE BETTER IT GOES.—Lagonda Limited evidently think in large mileages; whereas many cars will be in a thoroughly distressed state at the end of 5,000 miles, I am told that my new car will not really be properly run-in and will not, therefore, give its best until it has completed 5,000 miles. On the very day I bought it, when it was brand new, its speedometer registered 80-m.p.h. when the car was driven on the track. I shall anxiously await the completion of the 5,000 miles to see what improvement on that performance will be registered.

This 2-litre Lagonda is what I would call a thoroughly enjoyable motor-car. The moment one sits in the driving seat one is filled with good humour, for the position is ideal, the seat is comfortable and the controls are all close at hand I have on many other occasions sung the praises of the 2-litre Lagonda and, therefore, I will not repeat what I have previously written.

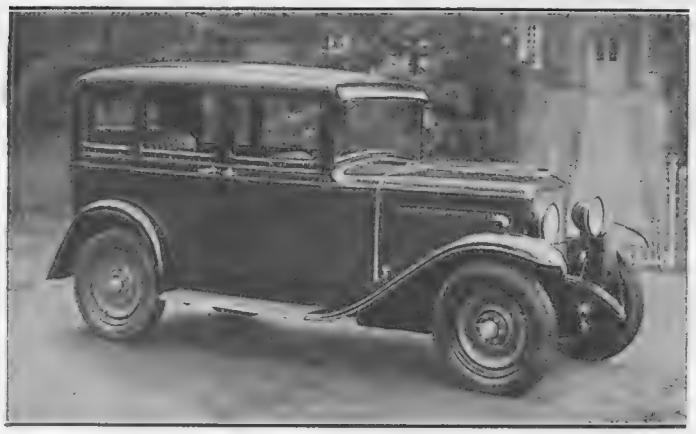
Later on, when the mileage has mounted up, I will return to the subject so as to let my readers know whether my conjectures are confirmed by experience. Prior to purchasing the new car I had the opportunity of testing a 6-cylinder 3-litre Lagonda special model, and as it was the first occasion on which I have handled one of these cars I was naturally in a critical mood. In spite, however, of my trying to pick holes, the the car baffled It is truly a only for the but for the torist who deslowly along who does not troubled with changing. At if one feels gear-box can be down, and then is staggering. be started up on being engaged yards have then every kind smooth, up hill be tackled with-movement of the performance of my efforts. car suitable, not lover of speed, leisurely mosires to amble the road, and desire to be constant gear-the same time, energetic the used up and the performance Again, if the car third gear, top after a few been covered, of road, rough, or down hill, can out any further gear lever. It holds the roads like a leech, its brakes are excellent, and owing to the high speed of which it is capable, efficiency in this direction is advisable. The steering is good and the suspension eminently suitable for a fast touring car.

It is not every sports model that has good looks to its credit, but this 3-litre Lagonda must certainly be awarded full marks where appearances are concerned. The car is a four-figured proposition, but I am sure that the owner will never be likely to regret his purchase. It is a high-grade product, is full of good breeding and refinement, and is a credit to the British manufacturer concerned.

Actually the specification is similar to that of the standard Light Six cars which are, of course, retained at prices varying from £240 for the two-seater to £527 for the saloon. The *de luxe* models, however, have a number of refinements, amongst which may be mentioned servo-operated brakes, a dash-board petrol gauge, a radiator thermometer, new shape louvres, and a roof ventilator, a bulb horn in addition to the electric horn, rubber pads on the brake, and clutch pedals, etc.

A very smart appearance is lent to the car by the use of a higher radiator and headlamps. A new range of colour schemes, too, has been standardised for the *de luxe* models, one colour finish being employed for the *de luxe* models, one colour finish being employed in place of the two-tone scheme on the Light Six types. Black, blue, dark green, chocolate brown, and dark maroon finishes are all available, and in each case the wire wheels are painted to match the contrasting colour of the waist-line.

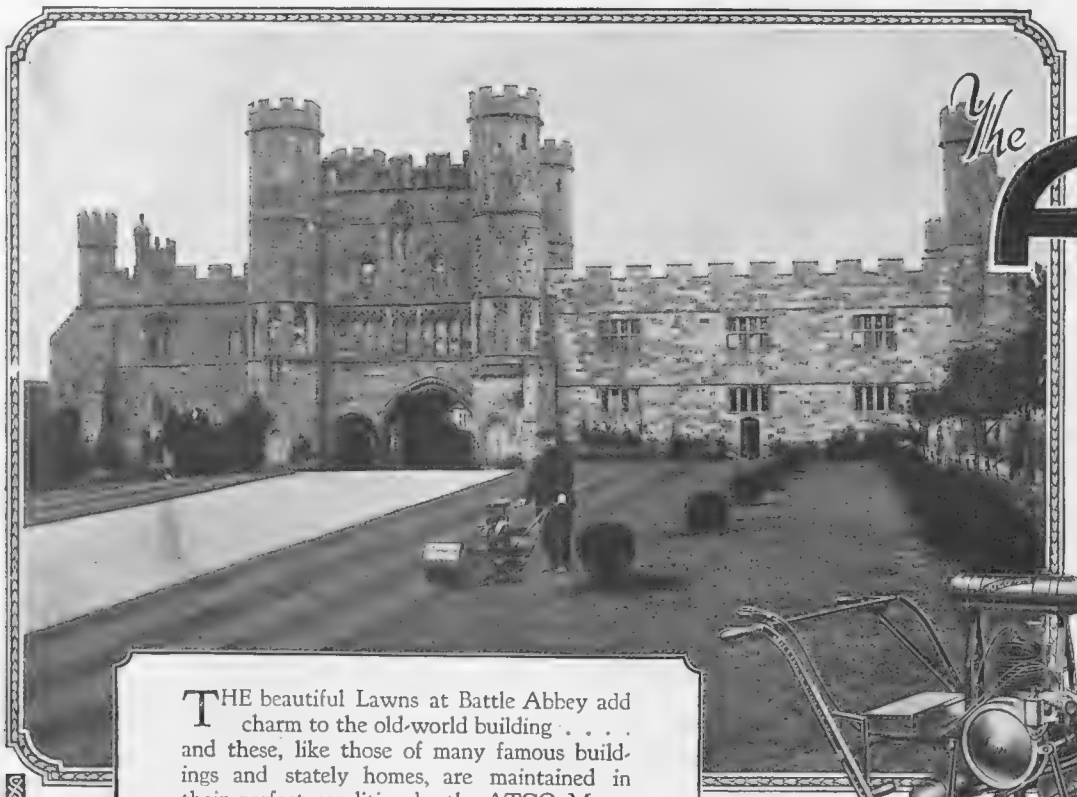
As usual, Messrs Rootes held their annual Show at Maidstone this year. A very comprehensive range of British cars, and only British cars, was exhibited. With the exception of Olympia it is difficult to imagine where a finer collection of new cars can be seen under one roof. Not only did the people of Kent take advantage of the opportunity thus offered to them, but many interesting visitors came from much farther afield.



Something New from Fiat's: One of the new 10–30-h.p. Fiat four-door coachbuilt saloons which retail at the exceptionally low price of £260. Finished in duotone cellulose colour schemes it cannot fail to have a strong attraction for the motorist of medium purse

In the Potteries: A Wolseley 12–32-h.p. fabric saloon on the road between Ellastone and Leek, Staffs. The long sweeping roads of the "five towns" district give full scope to the surging power of the Wolseley engine

SINGER INNOVATIONS.—It is announced from Coventry that two new Singer cars, described as Light Six *de luxe* models, have just been introduced. The cars are a coupé and a saloon, priced at £285 and £290 respectively.



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THE beautiful Lawns at Battle Abbey add charm to the old-world building . . . . and these, like those of many famous buildings and stately homes, are maintained in their perfect condition by the ATCO Motor Mower. The ATCO is the most economical, the most simple and reliable as well as the most efficient means of turf culture extant.

There are seven models at prices from 21 Guineas or delivered on first payment of from £6

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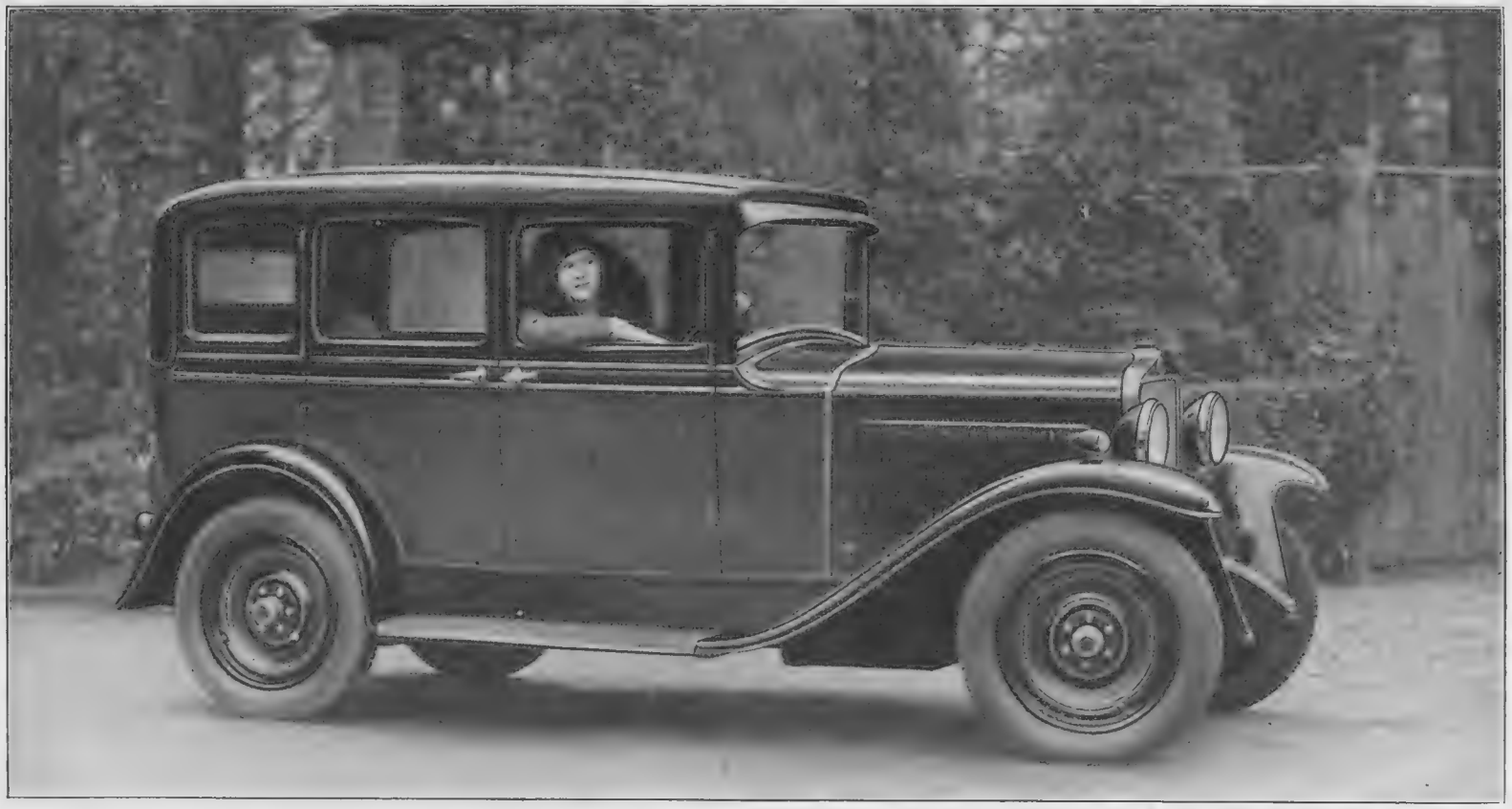

Miss Isabel Jeans and one of the new 10/30 Fiats.

Here's the 10/30—the Car you've been waiting for!

Here's a new Fiat, entirely new in conception and design, but with the same amazing reliability which marked the famous 10/15. Thousands of British motorists know there never was a car which stood up to its job so well over years of hard running. To them, the heir to such a tradition needs no further recommendation.

Yet this new 10/30 marks as great a step forward as did its famous predecessor. It has a range of power, of speed, of complete accessibility such as only the most modern of engineering skill could provide. Even Fiat have never offered quite such value for money in every detail as this handsome 4 door Salcon at £260 complete.

Study these details of the 10/30. Compare it with any other car at the price.

A silent and flexible four cylinder engine with only a £12 tax, not dependent on revolutions for power, resulting in length of life and freedom from repairs but giving amazing acceleration and speed. Close ratio 4 speed gear box really silent in action, exceptionally easy change. Powerful brakes, in keeping with the engine potentialities, rod operated on all four wheels. A finish comparable with the most expensive cars and containing all the fine points of the higher power models. Coachwork possessing both comfort and enchanting appearance. Chromium plating throughout.

Before you decide on any other car, see this new 10/30. Examine it. Test it. Try it on the road. Send the form below for Catalogue M.17 now and judge its value for yourself.

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FIAT

The New 10/30 Fiat.

4 door Coachbuilt Saloon ... £260
(Leather Upholstery, £6 extra).
4 door Weymann Saloon ... £265
4 door Weymann Sunshine Saloon £275

Showrooms and Distributors for London Area: Fiat London Distributors, Ltd., 43/44, Albemarle St., W.1

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WHAT IS WRONG with EUROPE'S NIGHT-LIFE?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

(Continued from p. 548)

"Fashing." Fashing is the local carnival, by which is implied not an occasion for extortion, for the inane parading of positively decomposing figures, for rough horse-play by badly dragged-up local youth of both sexes, but for mammoth balls of a thousand rainbow-arrayed dancers in beer cellars nearly the size of Olympia. Everything happens under cover so that the weather can go hang. And the revellers are unrequired to spend more than a few marks on seidles of luscious, foaming Löwenbraü. But this is getting clean off the demise of cosmopolitan night-life.

Berlin. The tale of the Spree is really amusing. I can't help it if thousands are suffering. This marvellous Americanised Europe needs and deserves all the raps that may come its way.

Backed by dollar loans, Berlin marched off with the palm for appalling midnight vulgarity. It was as if every vulgarity Americans had ever thought of came here to be displayed. Telephones at every table, monkeys in trees above you, cafés, bars, cabarets, out-shrieking one another — one's idea of an ultimate American Inferno. Now they are nearly all *kaput*. Restaurants-de-luxe, night-boxes, dancings, roof-gardens, the "Imperator," "Broadway," "Barberina," the "Ambassadors," "Mokka Efti," et patati et patata, the whole collection are closing down on Kurfürsten-damm. Berlin's night-life, reared to beat Paris, was about the unsoundest exploitation imaginable.

The governing idea was to create each season some new resort more shrieking than the last in order to lift the clientèle from competitors. The resultant Battle of Shriekingness was akin to an armaments race; exploiters being in the necessity of outbidding one another in monstrosities each season in order to recapture a lost clientèle; and, naturally, at tremendous cost and all, equally naturally, on credit.

I was told that the only people who have been paid are the dollar lenders and the architects, who not only insisted on marks down but put up their prices twice and thrice fold during operations, knowing that their clients were in the *consommé* if the construction didn't go through. (Oh, charming contemporary world!)

Rents were sky high, taxes the same, while more than one monstrosity had to pay as much as £100 a day in interest alone on the original dollar loan. But don't imagine — even if there be an economic hush o'er all Europe save France (and that may come), and especially over Berlin itself, and even over America—don't imagine that that is going to stop things on the Spree. On money conjured out of nowhere, as is the mode, an immense night-monster with pool of artificial waves is under way for this coming season.

DOBRUDSCHA—EL DORADO of the ANIMALS.

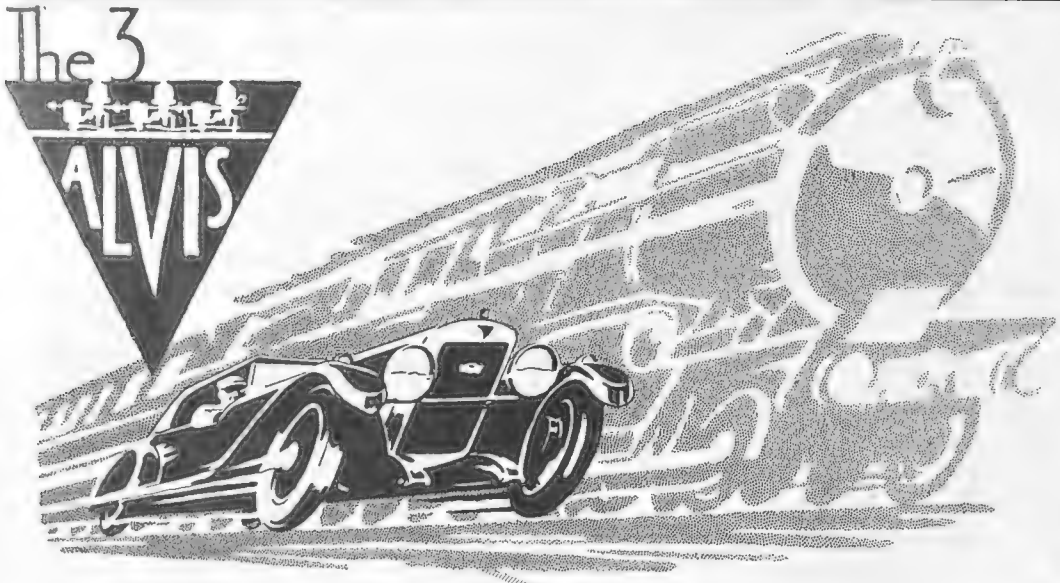
By Dr. Ulrich Schulz

The Dobrudscha, which is a province of Rumania lying between the Danube and the Black Sea, is one of the last places in Europe where any rich animal life can be found—so much so that to hunters of all sorts the name Dobrudscha is synonomous with El Dorado. When I, in the spring of 1928, undertook a scientific film expedition for the "Ufa" Company to Rumania, the Dobrudscha offered so many examples of rich ethnographical and biological subjects that my photographers did not know which to take first.

As there is absolutely no spring in the year in Rumania the crowds of the great bird world still remained in the warm south, so we proceeded to pay a visit to the fishing towns of Valcov and Jurilofka, on the Black Sea. In early spring one can find there the wandering or migratory fishes whose real home is in the Black Sea, but who regularly visit the rivers in the spawning time. The most important of these is the sturgeon, who is prized particularly as the provider of caviare. The largest sturgeon often attains a weight of 3,000 lb., and the female will produce about 46 kilogrammes of caviare.

As the spring advanced the Danube and its tributaries poured down flood water which turned the delta for many months into a gigantic marsh. Then all the great birds of flight, such as the eagle, the vulture, cormorant, pelican, heron, wild stork, and bis, return. Our film subjects were all awaiting us but the difficulty was how to take them. The primary conditions for the taking of good animal photographs is an absolutely firm base for the apparatus, but this was sometimes difficult to obtain as my picture shows.

IN THE DOBRUDSCHA: Animal photography under effective but uncomfortable conditions



"Silver Eagle" outwings the BLUE TRAIN.

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ON the evening of February 24th, a standard ALVIS Silver Eagle took the Calais road at St. Raphael just as the proud Blue Train most luxurious of Continental "rapides" — gathered speed at the start of its 720-mile run from the Riviera All through the night, the Silver Eagle flew across the sleeping country for the coast. When daylight came, a stretch of 112 miles was covered in two hours. Just after noon, the ALVIS was in Calais — three hours before the famous express.

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How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

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☛ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* **"Facktative"** *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to* **THE FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 87), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

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Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of scurf or dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong and luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

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Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to **The Facktative Co.** (Suite 87), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

She wouldn't believe me!

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'Migrant' Sun Saloon, £270.
"Foursome" Coupe £270.
"Paladin" Coachbuilt Saloon, £285.
"Fleetwing" Sports Saloon, £295.
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Joint London Distributors: NEWNHAM MOTOR CO., 237, Hammersmith Rd., W.6, and HENLYS LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1, and Henly House, opposite Gt. Portland St. Stn., W.1.

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Write for demonstration and descriptive literature.

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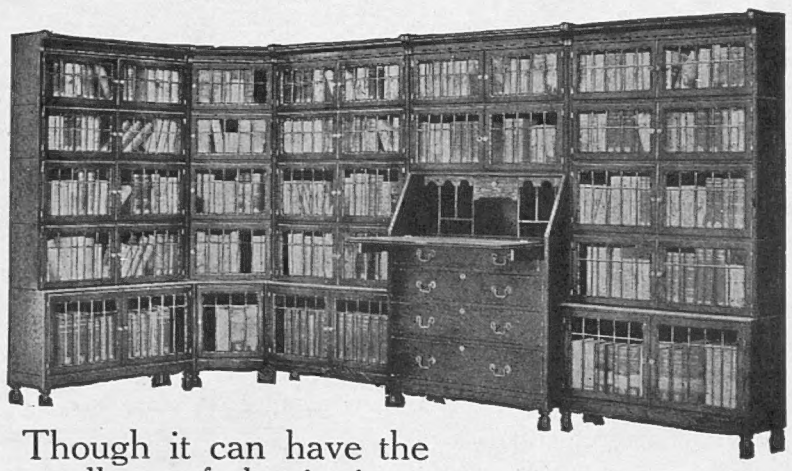

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SEVEN PAGES OF PICTURES

SUNDAY NEWS

THE NATIONAL HOME NEWS-PICTURE PAPER.

8-PAGE SPORTS SUPPLEMENT

No. 4,554. SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1930. TWOPENCE. Pages 17 to 24

LADY DIANA AND HER BABY SON, JOHN JULIUS.

This charming picture of motherhood is another camera study exclusively made for the "Sunday News" by Marcus Adams. Lady Diana Cooper (formerly Lady Diana Manners, a sister of the Duke of Rutland) was married in 1919 to Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, a nephew of the late Duke of Fife and cousin of Princess Arthur. John Julius is their only child.

The front page of last week's issue of the great new Sunday newspaper, The Sunday News

THE NEW SUNDAY NEWSPAPER

The Sunday News, a new development of modern journalism, is a colossal enterprize. It offers its readers an unparalleled programme, not least of which is its size—forty pages 18-in. in length by 12-in. width. No fewer than seven pages are devoted to pictures—more than the other Sunday illustrated papers. The centre eight pages are filled with sporting news covering every athletic activity. As this section is detachable from the other pages without deranging the sequence of the paper, it should prove an invaluable boon to those families where one wants to read the cricket scores while the other would fain scan the social notes. The large size of the pages offers great scope for pictorial display—a feature of which the greatest advantage is taken.

To this generation the "Health and Happiness" page, edited by Dr. Leonard Williams, will prove of great interest, for we of 1930 are pre-eminently a hygienic-loving and health-seeking community. The stage and the screen receive expert treatment, as do fashion and home interests.

As Sunday is the children's day *The Sunday News* has a special children's section which should prove most popular, while, since it is also the day of hobbies, those three popular amusements—motoring, gardening, and wireless—are dealt with by specially-selected experts.

The social jottings are the real doings of the day—not a mere diary of past events. The cartoon, a recognised feature of modern newspaper make-up, is in the capable hands of Mr. J. Norman Lynd. Large money-prizes for original competitions are offered, while the fiction department of the new regime is filled by a striking serial by Ursula Bloom.

Every present-day newspaper of this class has its own insurance scheme, but none can rival the generosity of *The Sunday News* insurance system whereby readers are insured against illness. The principle of it is embodied in the slogan, "If you're ill we pay the bill."

The Sunday News is unquestionably the most interesting development Sunday journalism has experienced for many years.

GHELARDI AT CLARIDGE'S

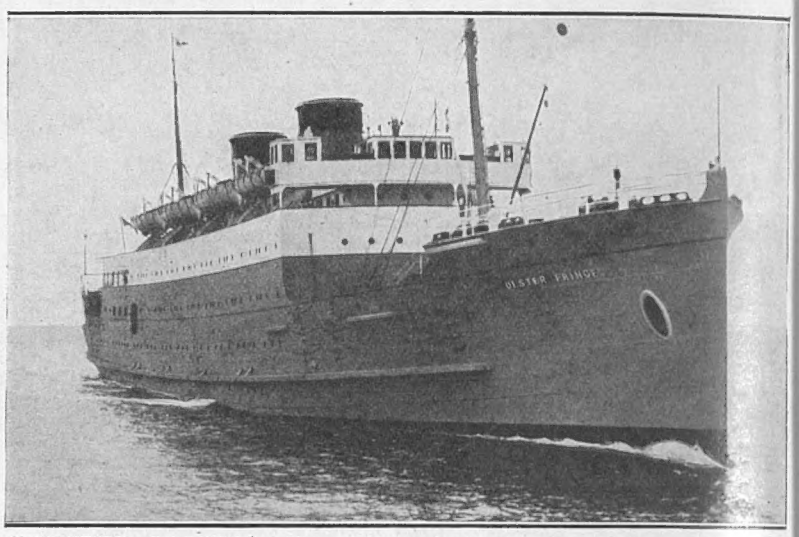
The genius of the late Hotel Cecil, M. Ghelardi, has, in consequence of the sale of the great Strand caravanserai, to return to a position he filled with distinction previously—the general-managership of Claridge's—a position offered to him by the Savoy Hotel Company. M. Ghelardi held this important post for some years until he went to the Savoy and subsequently to Italy. On his return he went to the Cecil, where he remained until its close. It is only fitting that Mr. Ghelardi should be at Claridge's, that aristocrat of hotels for aristocrats.

A BOOKIE AND THE "TOTE."

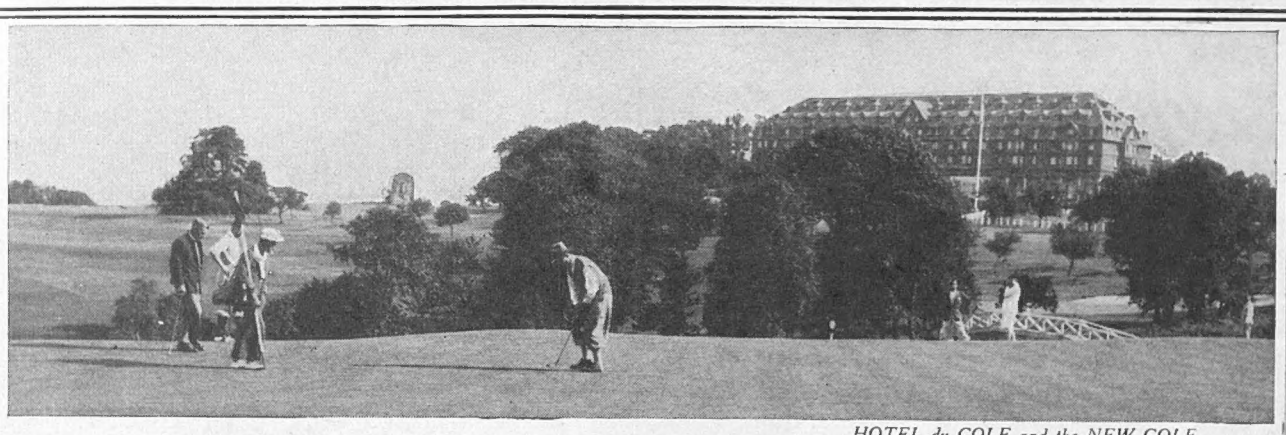
Those of our readers who wish to bet at totalisator prices without going to the race-course will be interested to learn that the well-known firm of Douglas Stuart, Ltd., is offering quite unique terms in regard to this style of betting. While all his old S.P. rules still hold good you can send "Duggie" a wire up to the advertised time of the race (or, from a course, up to the off) and receive the full tote odds without any deduction whatsoever, and with no limit to win. One advantage of this offer is, it will be noted, that the money cannot possibly get back to the machine in time to reduce the odds.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship needs help now in carrying on the important work of turning poor boys and girls into good citizens of the Empire. The Society trains boys for the Royal Navy, Mercantile Marine, Regular Army, and civil employment; and girls are taught everything necessary to equip them for domestic service. Please send your gifts to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.



"ULSTER PRINCE": The 3,800-ton motor vessel which was christened by Lady Read at the launch last year has just taken up her station on the Liverpool–Belfast service. Lady Read is the wife of Sir Alfred Read, managing director, Belfast Steamship Company, Ltd.



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